

THE ~~French~~ ^{110.}
Fatal Contract,
A French
TRAGEDY.

As it was Acted vwith great
Applause by her *Majesties*
SERVANTS.

Written by William Hemings,
Master of Arts of Oxon.

Printed by the Original Copy.



Printed at *London* for J. M. in the
Year, 1653.

THE
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 A
 TRAGEDY
 It was acted with great
 Applause by her Majesty's
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 10, Strand, London, W.C.

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To the Right Honourable, James
Compton Earl of Northampton, and
Lord Compton, &c. and to Isabella
his vertuous Countesse.

My Lord,

THis Poem was composed by a worthy Gentleman at
hours of his reeces from happier employments. In his
life he was above the Sphere of common Writers, and
though at death he left greater Monuments of his worth
and abilitie, yet this piece had justly gain'd an esteeme with
men of excellent judgement; and having suffered very
much by private Transcripts, where it past through many
hands as a Curiosity of Wit and Language, it is now
emergent from darknes, and appears in a publike dress,
having shaken off some dust and imperfections that too usu-
ally waits upon multipli'd Copies.

My Lord, If we had not confidence that the merit of
this Poem would excuse the boldnesse of this Dedication,
we would not have attempted so great a flight as to your
name. We humbly beseech your Honour to peruse it when you
will descend to a recreation of this nature: And let not
our Names that attend it, by our lownes and want of Or-
nament, be thought a stain to what we have presented; for
though our sails are not filled with so much happy air and
breath of the World, yet our small and plain Vessels are
fraught with as true faith & humility to serve you, as that
which carries more fire and noise to proclaim their devoti-
ons: And in the assurance that your mercy will vouchsafe
us your protection, we cast our selves at your feet,

My Lord,

The humblest of those that pray for your
Honours happinesse.

A. T.

A. P.

The Persons of the Play.

CHilderick, an old King of *France*.

Clotair, the young King.

Clowis, the Monsieur.

Landrey, Favorite to the Queen, and raised by her favour to be Duke of *France*, and Maior of the Palace.

Brissac, an old Peer of *France*.

Brissac, his Sonne.

Lords for Attendants.

Lamot,
Dumain, } two banished Lords.

Martell,
Bourbon,
Lanoue, } Noble men of *France*, and friends of
the banished Lords.

Crotilda, by the name of *Castrato*, as an *Eunuch*.

Fredigond, the Queen.

Aphelia, Old **Brissac**'s Daughter.

Isabella, a Lady that waited on **Aphelia**.

Three Ladies for Attendance.

A **Cardinall** for State, when **Aphelia** is to be beheaded.

Six Young men to bear the Herse.

Six of the Guard.

A **Headsmen**.

Musicians.

A **Page** to **Brissac**, Jun.

A **Lackey**.

The Fatall Contract,
A
TRAGEDY.

Actus Primus, Scena prima.

Enter *Lamot* and *Dumaine* like Souldiers.

Dum.



Are not safe *Lamot*; this bawdie peace
Begets a war within me; our swords worn
For Ornament, not use; the Drum & Trumpet
Sing drunken Carols, and the Canon speaks
Health, not confusion; Helmets turn'd to Cups;
Our bruised Armes administer discourse
For Tables and for Taverns, where the Souldier
Oft finds a pittie, not reliefe: I'll tell thee,
Wee'r walking images, the signes of men,
And bear about us nothing but the forme
Of man that's manly.

Lam. Wee'r cold indeed.

Dum. Yes, and th'ungratefull time
As coldly doth reward us, all our actions,
Attempts of valour, look'd into with eyes
Fil'd with contempt, when ye Gods ye know
It is our gifts they see yet: oh I am mad!
The very bread that lends them life to scorn us,
Our blood ha's paid for, yet demand a bit,
Or ask of this old fatten belli'd sir,
Or Madam toothless with her velvet sponce,
And you shall hear their rotten lungs pronounce
The Whip and Whip-stock.

B

Lam.

The Fatall Contract,

Lam. Prethee containe thy selfe.

Dum. Thou knowest I can;

With what an equall temper did I breath
Under the frozen climate of the North,
Where in mine armes (the sheets of war) I slept,
My bed being feather'd with the down of heaven ?
I have lain down a man and rise a snow-ball.
There these have been my pastimes, which i've borne
As willingly as I received them nobly.
The Queenes black envy which doth still remaine,
And peeps through every limb she bears about her,
Fated to ruine us, does not swell my Gall,
No nor this willing beggery I weare
To cloud me from her malice; by the Gods
This bastard-getting peace unspirits me,
A greater corrasive to my active soul,
Than all past ills what ever.

Lam. As you are valiant be wise too, this is no time
To vent your passions like a woman in,
Your sword, not tongue, should speak.

Dum. You are an expert Tutor, and I thank you;
Our wrongs would add a spirit to the dead,
And make them fight our quarrels; -- but look here

*Enter Landrey, and two or three insinuating Lords, busie in
conference, and three or foure Petitioners.*

The minion of our Queen, oh what a traine
The painted Peacock bears ! death, were I *fove*
But onely for this Giant.

Pet. Good your honor, our wives and Children,
Good your honour hear us.

Lan. Where are our slaves ? keep off these dregs of men,
The scum and out-cast of the world; bring round my charice
To the postern Gate; these bell-mouth'd Rascals
Split mine eares with noise, make hast before
Lest my great Mistresses wait my coming.

Exit.

End

A Tragedie.

Peti. Good your honour.

[*Exeunt.*]

i Peti. The devill take your worship; we must follow.

Dum. These are the fruits of base upstarts and flatterers.

Tell me *Lamor*, can this same Merchpane man
Think, or commit a sin though ne'r so horrid,
But it is candied o'r, and from his vice
Excessive praise and plaudites arise?
Were I the King, but he is wilful blind,
And by the hornes she rocks him fast asleep,
Before the wanton and hot-blooded Queene
Should have the licence but to be suspected
With such a Knight of Ginger-bread as this,
A gilded flesh-flie, I would lock her up,
Yea chain the evill Angel in a Box,
And house her like a silk-worme.

Lam. Pardon me sir, the good old King's unable.

Dum. And therefore must admit an upstart Page,
Now rais'd to honours by her lawless lust,
Maior of the Palace, and the Duke of France,
The next step is the Crown; now by my life
'Twere good the King would execute them both.

Lam. Alas he dares not, for the no chaste Queene,
Is as her birth, as great in faction,
Followed and sainted by the multitude,
Whose judgement she hath linck'd unto her Purse,
And rather bought a love than found it:
She ha's a working spirit, an active braine,
Apt to conceive, and wary in her wiles;
Besides, her Sons, the pillowes of the State,
Support her like an *Atlas*, where she sits,
And like the heavens commands our fates beneath her;
She is the greater light, the King a star
That only glares but through her influence.

A flourish within.

Dum. Hark, the thunder of the world, how out of tune,
This peace corrupting all things makes them speak,
What means this most adulterate noise?

The Fatall Contract,

Lam. Why, are you ignorant?

This is a night of jubile, and the King
Solemnly feasts for his wars happie successe,
Besides his Sons and heare knit againe;
We shall have Masks and Revelling to night.

Dum. Now the great Gods confound this pickthanck noife,
The Drums and Trumpets are turn'd flatterers,
And *Mars* himself a Bawd to grace their riot,
O I am mad, this grates my very Gall.

Lam. What man, bear up;
Although I wish all civill discord hence,
Yet I do hope a time wherein we Souldiers,
Shall like a moving wall of living steel,
Defend this City that offends us now.

Dum. My thoughts keep not your road, I think
The devilish spirit of the haughty Queen,
Will find inployment for us yet, her brain
Is very active in exploits that breed
The Souldiers harvest, war and dissention.

*Enter the Eunuch with bags of Gold, gives to each of
them one, and after a little pause departs.*

Lam. What vision's this? 'tis Gold right and fair,
Sure I dreame not.

Dum. I cannot tell, but he that takes this from me,
Shall soon perceive I do not sleep nor slumber.

Lam. It was the Eunuch.

Dum. That needs no deciding.

Lam. What speaks the Paper left behind?
If it be *Chorus* to this dum shew, read it *Dumaine*.

The Letter.

As you are Souldiers truly valiant, I honor you, as poor, I pity
you; therefore have sent you that wil render you as com-
pleat Courtiers, as undaunted Souldiers: we know your
present fortunes shame your parentage, which was not
onely great in it self, but fortunatè in so fair an off-spring:
Dumaine, Lamet, let it suffice we know ye; for our eye is every
where,

A Tragedie.

where: whilst I remember your worths, I shall forget your parents injuries; feare nothing, for your hitherto concealment, I'll get your pardons, and whilst I breath, breath your kind Mistress: if you dare trust me, appear at Court to night so adorned, as shall become your honours, our friends.

Fredigond.

Lamot. The Queene?

Dum. We are betraid *Lamot*, what shall we do?

Lam. Wee'l take the gracious proffer of the Queene, Shee's princely vow'd our friend; besides what ill Can we expect from her, who might have sent Her murdering ministers and slaine us here, If she intended foul play? but she's noble.

Dum. Noble, grant her so, yet——

Lam. What yet?

Dum. Her murdred Brothers memory.——

Lam. When he fell, we were too young for traytors.

Dum. But not for torments, had we been apprehended; For in the high displeasure of the Queen,
All our posterity was doom'd; some felt the wheel,
Some wrack'd, some hang'd, others impal'd on stakes,
With divers strange and horrid formes of death,
That you'd have thought, and fitly thought it too,
That all the torments which the Poets feign
The damned spirits exercise in Hell,
Had here been put in execution;
And had not we been then in *Wisenburge*,
Beyond the fury of her mortall spleen,
We had added to the number of the dead;
Then think you still we shall not?

Lam. Now by my life it's murder to suspect her,
Our lives are all that we can lose, our fame,
Not time nor Art can murder, so wee'll venture. *Exeunt omnes.*

SCENA II.

Enter Fredigond the Queene, and the Eunuch.

Qu. What conference did they maintain with thee?

Eu. None farther than the language of their eyes,

The Fatall Contract,

They look'd on me as if they ment me thanks,
Which their amazement rob'd me off.

Qu. Spake they not then at all?

En. No not a word,

They seem'd to me as if they knew no language.

Qu. You know them not?

En. No dearest Lady, for th'appear'd to me
Like to the silent postures in the Arras,
Onely the form of men with stranger faces.

Qu. Take u'm then, they are our enemies,
Whom I have angled with that golden bait;
Their parents waded in my Brothers blood,
For which i'l be reveng'd of all their kin,
Could they increase as oft as I would kill,
I'd ever kill that they might still increase:
This picture drawn by an *Italian*
(Which still I keep to whet mine anger)
Does represent the murder of my brother,
For ravishing this beauntious piece of ill;
A bloody and a terrible mistake,
To murder *Clodimir* for *Clotars* fact,
For which behold how *Fredigond's* reveng'd,
This old *Dumaine* and father to this maid,
With all his kindred, sociates and alies,
(These brace of wicked ones, and that ravish't whore,
The fair and fatall cause of these events
Onely excepted) are here, here in this picture:
Is't not a brave sight, how doth the object like thee?
How prettily that babe hangs by th'heels,
Sprawling his *Armes* about his mothers wombe,
As if againe he sought for shelter there?
Here's one bereft of hands, and this of tongue,
Finger thy Lute *Maria*, sing out *Isabel*:
Hark, hark *Castro*, the mulick of the Sphaeres,
O ravishing touch, hark how the others voice
Echoes the Lute, Is't not a divine softnesse?
Ha ah ha, I do expect they now should rayle extremely;
I prethee scold at me good *Isabel*,

*Draw the curtain and shew
the picture.*

Scepticè.

A Tragedie.

A little of the woman ; no *Maria* ;
Within the cloathed circle of mine eyes,
Anchor thy fingers, alas, thy nailes are par'd,
Nor has poor *Isabel* a tongue to scold with,
And here's the Granddam with her glares out ;
Saddle her nose with spectacles, or else
Shee'l misse her way to the infernall pit.
Tow horie Gray-berds in this angle lyes,
Will find their way to Hell without their eyes,
Villaines that kil'd my Brother ; how does this like thee ?
To execute men in picture, is't not rare ? (*Stabs the picture*)

Eu. Were but *Chrotilda* here, and these two youngsters,
It were a pastime for the Gods to gaze on.
Oh were I but a man as others are,
As kind and open-handed nature made me,
With Organs apt and fit for womans service.

Qu. What if thou wert ?

Eu. What if I were great Queene ?
I'd search the Deserts, Mountaines, Vallies, Plaines,
Till I had met *Chrotilda*, whom by force
I'd make to mingle with these sootie limbs,
Till I had got on her one like to me,
Whom I would nourish for the *Dumaine* line ;
That time to come might story to the world,
They had the Devil to their Grand-father.

Qu. I find thee Eunuch apt for my employments,
Therefore I will unclaspe my soul to thee,
I've alwaies found thee trusty, and I love thee.

Eu. With thanks I ever must acknowledge it,
And lay my life at my great Mistresse feet,
To spend it when she pleases.

Qu. We need it not
As yet *Castrato*, but we may hereafter.

See, their's the plat-forme of great *Childricks* death ;
And they which must be thought his murderers,
Our Enemies, and now new Courtiers,
Whom hitherto I have reserv'd for policy ;

First,

The Fatall Contract,

First, that they take away the guilt from us ;
Next, being apprehended, studying deaths,
The heads of all our Engineers shall sit
T'invent unheard of torments for the slaves ;
I long to see them here, here in this frame,
Greeting their kindreds bones.

Eu. You are the Goddess of invention.

Qu. Then i'l commend thee to my elder Son,
Where thou shalt wind into his secret thoughts ;
As for the younger Boy let me alone ;
And when we have them on the hip, they shall
Follow their Fathers unto *Hells-black-Hall*

Eu. Still better.

Qu. Will not this be brave ? ha, how lik'st thou this ?
Now by this light I'm taken strangely with thee,
Come kiss me, kiss me firra, tremble not. (*Queen kisses him.*)
Fie, what a January lip thou hast,
A paire of Iscicles, sure thou hast bought
A paire of cast lips of the chaste *Diana's*,
Thy blood's meere snow-broth, kiss me again : (*again*)
Now see if you can find these gallants forth,
And bring them to our presence.

Exit Eunuch.

O sir y'are welcome, *Enter Landrey.*
Your visits have been freer, but I grow old,
And you command the beauties of the time.

Law. What means my noble Mistress ? think you the blood
Runnes so degenerate within these veins,
To stoop to an inferiour imbrace,
When I enjoy the best.

Qu. We are betraid :
I'll tell thee a good jest *Landrey*, pray marke ;
This morning dressing my head my husband came,
And with his switch (for he was then to hunt)
A gentle stroke he gave me on the back ;
My fancy busied then to make me fine,
Supposing it was you that sported so,
(Not dreaming that the dotard was so neere)

Cri'd

A Tragedie.

Cri'd, well my *Landrey*, in story we still find,
The best Knights strike before and not behind :
The King who alwaies understood too fast,
Quits suddenly my Chamber; what he intends
I cannot guess, unless it be our deaths,
Which if he speedily perform not, then
Know he shall never, for this night concludes him.
His Sons I weigh like him, they have rebell'd,
And taken spirit of late t'oppose my will,
And contradict my pleasures in thy love,
For which it is not safe that they should live ;
The Kingdoms Heir shall be a boy of thine,
And Kings and Queens shall follow in thy Line.

En. Madam, here are the Gentlemen. *Enter Dumaie & Lamot
very brave, the Eunuch.*

Qu. Y'are welcome to the Court, and us, brave spirits y'are
welcome.

Take a Queenes word y'are welcome.

Ambo. Your highnesse is as full of grace as mercy.

Qu. Rise and follow us, wee'l be your Guardian and
Protectres.

Len. What are these? *(Aside)*

Qu. Sheep for my shambles, whom I have fatted up
Onely for slaughter ; things are on foot decreed,
Shall make some smile to night, and others bleed.

Exeunt omnes

SCENA III.

*Enter Clovis at one door, Aphelia and a Page at the other
with a Torch.*

Clo. My best Mistres,
What Angel brought you hither? for I know
Millions attend your goodnes.

Aph. My Lord?

Clo. Why do you cast such stranger eyes upon me?
You were not wont to cloth your browes with scorn,
Nor dart such deadly looks ; can my mistres
Be angry with her servant? my offence,
If slowness in my visits, i'l hereafter

The Fatall Contract,

Grow to your threshold ; why weep you now ?
Trust me divinest fair thine eyes seed pearl,
Bracelets for Gods to wear about their armes.

Aph. I am too fond, and yet he swears he loves me,
I have believ'd him too, for I have found
A Godlike nature in him, and a truth
Hitherto constant.

Clo. Sweetest fair the cause ?

Aph. If this should be dissembled, not your heart,
And having won my souls affection,
Should on a judgement more retir'd to state,
Smile at your perjuries, and leave me in love,
What ill-bred tales the world would make of me.

Clo. That jealousy i'l strangle; take this Ring,
As I that Diamond dazel'd by thine eyes,
Whose beauty sickned 'cause eclips'd by thine;
Be these the mutual pledges of our love,
Our Marriage before our Marriage,
And curs'd be he that separates our love,
Though *France* be one, or what is greater *Jove*.
Are your fears over now ?

Alp. My Lord, I dare no ill, and therefore doubt none.

*Enter King, Queen, Clotaire, Landrey, Dumain, Lamot, Eunuch,
Lords, Ladies, Guard.*

King. Approach our person nearer, for methinks
Y'have honest faces, if your hearts keep touch
T'your outward semblance, y'are a pair
Nothing but death shall force from me.

Qu. Good, good, this Physick works.

(*aside.*

En. Madam, is't done ?

Qu. I my black Genius, such a fatal dram
I have administred, will wing his soul
Wich expedition to the other world,
His part essential like a wearied Ghost
This night forsakes her Inn, when fled and gone,
Who knows where it shall lodge : mark his looks,
See'tt thou not death thron'd in his hollow eye,

Great

A Tragedie.

Great tyrant over Nature?

Eu. With looks inquisite I have beheld him,
But see no alteration.

Qu. Thou art a fool; and wantst the optique nerves
To pry into my Arts; where I lay trains,
Death comes before the grief, the sulphurous match
Destroyes the powder with a motion slow
To what I work with; as Autumn aged leaf,
In youth the prime and glory of the Grove,
Not to be graspt with hand, falls with a puff,
And what we could not touch but now, we tread on,
So *Childrick*---

King. Lend me thine arm *Dumain*, I now not what,
But on the sudden-- (*Dumain & Lamot about the King.*)

Qu. How the Nats play and buz about the fire
Must consume them.

Eu. 'Tis rare, observant Cocks comes.

Clota. What Star's unshe'rd and walks upon the Earth,
Making our night a noon? methinks her sight
Does cure blindnesse, and lend darknesse light,

Castrato--- (*Clotair pulls the Eunuch aside.*)

Eu. No more, we are observ'd, my Lord.

Clot. What Ladies that?

Eu. That French India with a Mine upon her back,
With whom your Brother holds discourse?

Clot. The same.

Eu. The chaste and beautifull *Apbelia*.

Clot. Indeed shee's wondrous fair, nature hath much
Befriended her, art sure shee's honest?

Eu. Snow's not purer;
No vestal Virgin at the Aultar bears
A soul so incorrupt, so void of flame
That's loosely active.

Clot. *Castrato*, be as our self, get but that Lady for me;
Thou understand'st me.

Eu. Shee dotes upon your Brother, by which means
I'll think upon some plot.

Clot. The Masque ended wee will talk further on't.

The Fatall Contract,

King. Defer our pastimes till another night,
I am not well at ease.

Dum. Lights, lights for his Majesty.

Clot. & Clovis. How is it with your grace our Royal Father?

Eu. Dum. sin, Lamot, your feet are in the snare,
Fredigond hunts, and when she hunts beware. (The Eunuch

Lam. What sayes the slave? (talks with Aphelia aside.

Dum. No matter what, mind we his Majesty.

King. There is an *Ætæa* in me,
The air I draw returns illuminate,
Philosophy thy Element of fire's here.

Qu. His Grace grows worse and worse, support him
Gently friends; O my dear Husband, O my gentle Lord.

Exeunt omnes.

Aphe. I credit your report, & will obey, (Mourns Eunuch
His mind is honourable like his parentage; and Aphelia.
His single name has arm'd me, pray lead on. (Exe. Alp. & Eu.

Lam. O woe, woe, woe.

Enter Lamot.

Clot. Horror and death.

Enter Clotaire.

Clo. O dismall fatal hour.

(Enter Clovis, Fredigond, the

Qu. with Childrick end

Queen Landry, Dumain, Guard

The World.

Attendants.

Dum. Have patience gentle Queen,

Qu. Stand from me,

Preach patience to the Sea when the rude windes
Swell her ambitious billowes 'bove the clouds,
And if thou tutor'st them to peace and silence,
I'll be as calm as they.

Clot. The treason here, and not the Traytor,
Quite confounds me.

Qu. Doubt ye the Traytors?

I've brought a pair of Vipers to the Court,
Warm'd and reliev'd them with a sting to kill us;
Who could be Authors of this deed but they?
His new bosome friends have slain him,
Lay hands upon the villains.

Dum. We are betraid Lamot, basely beset with snares.

Lam. Justice fight thou my cause with thine own sword.

Qu

A Tragedie.

Qu. O villains, would ye let them scape?
Two men to passe the strength of all our guard?
This mads me.

Clos. Make after them and bring them back,
Or by my Fathers soule ye sleep your last.

Aphelia, oh *Aphelia*, shee'l not from my mind,
I may command her now.

Come Mother, Brother, Friends, come let us go,
King ne'r receiv'd a Crown so full of woe.

Exe. omnes.



Actus Secundus Scena Prima.

Enter *Old Brissac* and the *Page*.

Page. **I** Left her mid' st th' amazed multitude,
Where doubtlesse frighted with the sudden horror
Of the unlook'd for murder of the King,
She has with other beauties of the Court,
Retir'd her self until the morning star.

O. Brif. 'Tis very likely so, yet d'ee hear--
I know not what to say, i'l not to bed,
My thoughts are full of tempests, dismall thinkings;
Where is my Son, why went he not to Court?

Page. Your Son fir Charles, fir, is not yet in bed,
But why he went not to the Court I know not.

O. Brif. Perhaps she's safe, then why returns she not?
Why sends she not glad messengers of health?
No, no, she's lost, and I undone forever.

Go to your bed, I will not trouble you,
Go take your rest, yet pray be up betimes, (Offers to go)

Yet stay and watch with me, she may come home;
She may come home, it's good to wait for her;

Yet now I've thought on't get you hence to bed,

And yet not so, run, run unto the Court,

O Villain how he moves ; yet why so fast,

(Offer to

The Fatall Contract,

Let me deliberate, that were to give
The Courtiers notice I have lost my Daughter,
Whom they will then suspect, and call her fame

Into an ill construction; no no no:

(Enter Charles

O sir you'r welcome, where is your sister?

Brissac & Clovis

I must have her sirra, and I will; where is

the Prince disguised.

She Charles, where is she?

Cha. My noble Father.

O. Bris. Tut tut tut, noble me nobles, nor Father me
No Fathers, where is your sister sirra?

Cha. My sister?

O. Bris. Your sister; this cunning shall not carry it;
Where is she? speak.

Cha. Within sir, is she not? otherwise this Gentleman
Ha's lost his labour, he's come to visit her.

O. Bris. Hoyday, hoyday, hoyday, to visit her?
Plots, plots, meer fetches to delude me: to visit her?
What at the dead of night, when the whole world
Is sunck in slumber, and our lustie youth
As quiet as the Grave? to visit her?

O most ridiculous, to visit her?
Pray Gentleman consider, does your sister keep
Times so preposterous for visiting?
Makes she a day of night, or ha's been bred
As loose as *Lais*, to love night Courtings?
Do not distract me; to visit her?

Cha. Pray sir collect your self; this Gentleman
Even at that horrid point where the King fell---

O. Bris. I there's more mischief too; God for his mercy.
What a world is this!

Cha. Saw a Ring drop from off my sisters fingers,
And at his best advantage took it up,
Which he had then deliver'd, but that fright
Which renders men forgetful made him so,
But knowing where she liv'd, (so he protests)
He could not sleep until it were deliver'd.

O. Bris. Pray let me see the Ring; yes it was here,
And she would say she'd never part with it

But

A Tragedie.

But when she ment to wed ; if y^e have married her,
Or have her promise rivited to yours,
Tell me but where she is i^tl be content,
For I in losing her have lost my joy.

Cha. Is she not then within ?

O. Brif. Yes too much ; oh no
The house containes her not, she is not here,
Nor is for ought I know at all.

Clou. O my prophetique soul, then 'tis no idle fear.

O. Brif. How the Monfiure? what makes he here ?

Clou. There's something whispers me, go not to bed,
Go not to bed till thou hast found her out,
Be'tt thou my Genius or what power else
(Suggesting lawful things) I will obey thee.
Still it cryes, sleep not to night ; had I tane Opium,
The drowfie Poppie, cold Mandragora,
Or all the sleepe sirrops of the world,
With such a powerful spell thou work'ft upon me,
That should I take an everlasting sleep
Thould'ft wake my scattered bones, and make them rise
To watch the horror of this fatal night;
Sleep ever waking envie and mistrust,
Yee things which never knew what slumber ment ;
Ghosts keep your beds, ye Centinels of night,
Goblins and Specters do not walk your round ;
A generall Lethargie seize on this hour,
Whilst I alone the Watchman of the night
Will wake in spite of fate, *Argus* thine eyes
To find *Aphelia* and her miseries.

(*Exit.*

O. Brif. Pretty in good sadnesse, wondrous pretty ;
Is he in earnest?

Cha. Sure he dissembles not, I little thought [When I did
Let him in, what person grac'd [Our Threhold.

O. Brif. Ah sirra, what a Girl is this to be out of th' way,
He is in love that's certain ; let me remember,
When I was first a lover as he is,
I'd just such wild vagaries in my brain,
Such midnight madnesse ; this puling baggage!

The Fatale Contract,

May lose her self for ever, and her fortunes,
For this hours absence ; go, begone,
Follow his royall person, comfort him,
Tell him my daughter will again be found ;
And so good Angels grant we meet with her.

Exe. omnes.

SCEN. II.

Enter *Appelia* and the *Eunuch* with a wax Taper.

Aph. Into what Labyrinth doe you lead me fir ?
What by perplexed wayes ? I should much fear
Had you not us'd his name, which is to me
A strength 'gainst terror, and himself so good,
Occasion cannot varie, nor the night,
Youth, nor his wild desire, otherwise
A silent sorrow from mine eyes would steal
And tell sad stories for me.

Eu. You are too tender of your honour Lady,
Too full of aguish trembling, the noble Prince
Is, as December, frosty in desire,
Save what is lawful, he not owns that heat,
Which were you snow would thaw a tear from you.

Aph. This is the place appointed, pray heavens all things
go well.

Eu. I will go call him, please you rest your self;
Here lies a book will bear you company.

Till I return, which will be presently.

Hither i'l send the King, not that I mean

To give him leave to cool his burning lust,

For *Clovis* shall prevent him in the fact ;

And thus I shall endear my self to both :

Clovis inrag'd perhaps will kill the King,

Or by the King will perish, if both fall,

Or either, both waies make for me ;

The Queen as rootedly does hate her sonnes,

As I her Ladyship, to see this fraie

She must be brought by me, she'l steel them on

To one anothers damage, for her sake

*(Appelia reads in
the book.)*

A Tragedie.

I'll say I set on foot this hopeful brawl.
Whilst she will hug and kisse me for the same;
Thus on all sides the Eunuch will play foul,
And as his face is black he'll have his soul,

Alph. How witty sorrow ha's found out discourse
Fitting a midnight season! here I see
One bath'd in Virgins tears, whose puritie
Might blanch a Blackmore, turn natures stream
Back on it's self; words pure and of that strain
Might move the *Parce* to be pittiful.

(Enter
Clotair.

Clot. Methinks I stand like *Tarquin* in the night,
When he defil'd the chastity of *Rome*,
Doubtful of what to do, and like a Thief
I take each noise to be an Officer.
She ha's a ravishing feature, and her mind
Is of a purer temper than her body:
Her vertues more than beauty ravish't me,
And I commit even with her piety
A kind of incest with Religion;
Though I do know it is a deed of death
Condemn'd to torments in the other world,
Such tempting sweetnesse dwels in every limb,
That I must venter my essentiall parts
For the fruition of a moments lust,
A pleasure dearly bought.

(She still
reads on.

(Exit with a re-
solve not to do it.

Alph. Alack poor maid,
Poor ravish't *Philomel*, thy lot was ill
To meet that violence in a Brother, which
I in a stranger doubt not; yet methinks
I am too confident, for I feel my heart
Burd'ned with something ominous; these men
Are things of subtil nature, and their oaths
Unconstant like themselves. *Clotus* may prove unkind,
Alack why not? say he should offer foul,
The evil counsel of a secret place,
And night his friend, might over-tempt his will;
I dare not stand the hazard; guide me light
To some untrod'n place, where poor I may

The Fatall Contract,

Wear out the night with sighs till it be day. (*Ent. Clot.*)

Clot. I am resolv'd, I will be bold and resolute.
Hail beaucious Damsell.

Apbe. Ha, what man art thou
That hast thy count'nance clouded with thy cloak,
And hid'st thy face from darknesse and the night?
If thy intents deserve a Muffler too,
Withdraw and act them not. What art thou, speak?
And wherefore cam'st thou hither?

Clot. I came to find one beautiful as thou,
And am a man willing to please a woman.

Apbe. I understand you not.

Clot. But I must you, yea and the right way too,
Or my strength shall fail me.

Apbe. Help, help, help.

Clot. Peace, none of your loud musick Lady,
If you raise a note, or beat the air with clamor,
You see your death. (*Draws his Dagger.*)

Apbe. What violence is this? inhuman sir,
Why do you threaten war, fright my soft peace
With most ungentle steel? what have I done
Dangerous, or am like to do? why do you wrack me thus?
Mine armes are guilty of no crimes, do not torment 'um:
Mine heart and they have been heav'd up together
For mankind that was holy, if in that act
They have not prai'd for you, mend and be good,
The fault is none of their's. (*kneels.*)

Clot. Come, do not seem
More holy than you are, I know your heart.

Apbe. Let your Dagger too; noble sir, strike home,
And sacrifice a soul to chastitie,
As pure as is it self, or innocence.

Clot. This is not the way, --- know you me beauty?

Apb. The Majestie of France! (*discovers him'sf.*)

Clot. Be not afraid.

Apbe. I dare not fear, it's treason to suspect
My King can harbour thoughts that tend to ill,
I know you'r godlike good, and have but tri'd

Now

A Tragedie.

How far weak women durst be vertuous.

Clot. Cunning simplicity, thou art deceiv'd,
Thy wit as well as beauty wounds me, and thy tongue
In pleading for thee pleads against thy self;
It is thy virtue moves me, and thy good
Tempts me to acts of evil; wert thou bad,
Or loose in thy desires, I could stand,
And onely gaze, not surfeit on thy beauty;
But as thou art, there's witchcraft in thy face,
I must enjoy thee, or not thou thy life. (*Enter Clovis & Charles.*)

Aphe. You are my King, and may command my life,
My will to sin you cannot; you may force
Unhallowed deeds upon me, spot my fame,
And make my body suffer, not my mind;
When you have done this unreligious deed,
Conquer'd a poor weak maid, a trembling maid,
What trophie or what triumph will it bring
More than a living scorn upon your name?
The ashes in your Urn shall suffer for't,
Virgins will sow their curses on your Grave,
Time blot your Kingly parentage, and call
Your birth in question; do not think
This deed will lie conceal'd, the faults Kings do
Shine like the fiery Beacons on a hill
For all to see, and seeing tremble at:
It's not a single ill which you commit;
What in the subject is a petty fault,
Monsters your actions, and's a foul offence;
You give your subjects licence to offend,
When you do teach them how.

Clot. I will indure no longer, come along,
Or by the curious spinstrie of thy head,
Which natures cunning'st finger twisted out,
I'll drag thee to my couch; tempt not my fury.

Clov. Hold, hold my heart — can I indure this —
Unhand me *Charles* and render me my self,
Left I forget my self on thee,

Char. Great sir;

The Fatall Contract,

Remember 'tis your brother, and the King.

Clot. O that I could forget it, and shake off
Duty at once and Consanguinitie, *(Enter Eunuch.)*
That like a whirlwind I might rush upon him,
And bear him to destruction. Monster of men,
Thou King of darknesse down unto thy Hell,
I have a Spel wil lay thy honesty,
And this abused goodnesse : Is't not enough
That thou hast wrong'd *Crotilds*, ravish't a Maid,
A Virgin of that puritie of life
Might saint her here on earth ; but thou wilt add
Unto the first a second violence the Gods must not forgive :
Don't arm your face,
Nor wear a count'nance of horror, I can't fear
Bearing a bosome innocent and pure :
Is't even so, then guard thy self Oh King,
For I am swift as thought that executes.

Cbar. Hold, hold, my Lotd forbear.

Eu. Beat down their swords, what do the Princes mean ?
Ring out the larum Bell, call up the Court, *(Ring the Bell.)*
The Princes here will murder one another.
For shame for shame forbear.

*Enter the Queen, the Guard, and Attendants, Landrey at
the other door.*

Qu. What means this sudden outcry? oh my Sonnes,
Hold, hold; part 'um good Gentlemen.

Clot. Brav'd by a subjects hand?

Qu. Though nature by precedencie of birth
Made thee his King, it therefore follows not
His Murtherer : wherein is our *Clotair*
Greater than *Clovis*? the self same blood.
That spirits thee, makes him as valiant,
The difference lyes in *Anno Domini*.

Eu. Most acurat mischief, most rare Crocadile!

Qu. I grant thou art his elder, by which law
Thou'rt born his subject, not his equal *Clovis* :
Know *Clotair*'s thy King, and subjects hands

With-

A Tragedie.

Without the deep and dangerous traytors name,
May not advance against their sovereigns head.

Clo. Neither shall his without Correction
Upon him slaves.

Qu. Hold, I command ye hold :
Oh *Clois* thou art of a valiant soul,
And wilt thou basely thus beset thy Brother ?
Fear argues spirits most degenerate,
And that thou fear'st, th' advantage argues it;
O set not on thy slaves, if he must die,
Let thy sacrifice not butcher him.

Clo. That argument sounds harsh, does *Clois* fear ?

Clo. Sacrifice me ? it is not in his power.

Eu. Exquisite Philter, how it operates !

Qu. We hope so *Clois* ; yet thy brother King
Is as an earthly God, his will his law,
His power uncircumscrib'd, unlimited,
Whose Majesty can look a subject dead.

Clo. How ? look me dead ? I do not fear his frowns.

Qu. I grant th'as great a Basiliske as he,
As thou art meerly man ; but as thy King
Divinity doth prop him, he stands firm
That builds on that foundation ; yet I know
Thy sword's as sharp as his, and where it lighes
Imprints as much of fate ; thine arm's as strong,
Thy spirit as daring, and thy will as prompt
To any action that may write man, Man.

Clo. He is your darling, you do wel to praise him ;
When I have slain him write his Epitaph.

Clo. My Epitaph ? this Pen of steel shall first
Write on thy heart thine end.

Eu. Scil, still better.

The venom'd poyson of a womans tongue
Is more sublim'd than Mercuric.

(*thy fight again.*)

Char. Hold, hold.

O dearest Maddam, your maternal breath
Bears a Mandamus in it, and like heaven-
Will lay this tempest.

A Tragedie.

En. As the wind the Sea,
Which makes it rage the lowder,

Clos. Where's our guard
That lets a traitor pull me by the berd?
Upon him slaves.

*(The Guard fall on him
and he falls.)*

Qu. O they have slain my Son;
Bloody villain, thy hands have made these holes,
Hell take thee for't.

Clos. Mother, rise and depart,
For I am bent on mischief.

Qu. Do thy worst
Thou murderous minded Prince, this blood is mine,
For in some sort I bleed; out Paricide.

En. How cunningly she spits her poyson forth!
I know her soul is light, she's glad he's dead,
And joyes in the opportunitie to curse the killer,
For which she gaines the name of pious mother;
Here's pretty woman-villany and dissimulation.

Aphe. If they have slain him, wherefore do I live?
O my swoln heart.

Clos. Remove the Corps, withall
Convey this Syren from our wandring eyes,
And howse her in a Dungeon; let no light
Peep through a cranney on her; mask the day,
Put the all-searching eyes of Phæbus out;
Left accidentally he gazing here,
Here fix eternally, and so we may
Despair of night as once we did of day:
Bear her to prison; reason not the cause,
A Kings prerogative's above his lawes.

Aphe. Be mercifull and lead to earth, away,
Since he is gone it is to die to stay.

*Exeunt some with the King, others leading Aphelia, and
bearing away the Corps.*

Manent Eunuch, Queen, Landrey.

Qu. Now we begin to flourish, this black night
Is onely lighted by our stars, which smile
Upon these actions, and rejoyce to see
Thee our sole favorite so neer a Crown.

But

The Fatal Contract,

But tell me *Landrey*, how did I play the mother;
Did not I seem a *Niobe* in passion,
A deluge of salt tears?

Land. Most true, you wept.

Qu. As a good Actor in a play would do,
Whose fancy works (as if he waking dreamt)
Too strongly on the Object that it copes with,
Shaping realities from mockeries;
And so the Queen did weep: By this good night
I think I could become the Stage as well
As any she that fels her breath in publique;
Come shall we Act *Landrey*?

Land. Act Lady, what?

Qu. Nothing that's new, o'd Playes you know are best:
Eunuch is our bed ready?

Eu. Great Queen it is,

Qu. Come then my joy to bed, where we will Act
The truth which others doubt, and in that sport
We'll laugh at death which triumphs in the Court. (*Exeunt,*

Eu. Go sleep your last; i'll straight unto the King, *Qu. & Land.*
And he shall take them in the very act;
And then to cover my discoverie
I'll set on fire the Queens Bed-chamber,
That so I may disturb them more secure,
And yet the plot not mine; i'll tell the King
Unlesse he present help, his mother burns:
About it then, this is a happie night,
The more it works their woe more's my delight. (*Exit.*

Actus Tertius, Scena Prima.

Enter King *Clotair*, and the *Eunuch*.

Eu. Look how it flames, I fear some treachrie, (*the bed-*
L Beat at her Chamber door, cry it aloud, *chamb. on fire*
And let your voice be thunder to this lightning;

Cry

The Fatall Contract,

Cry, fire, fire, fire, the Court is all a hot-house, fire, fire.

Clot. Great Queen, royall mother, open your door
Left you do sleep for ever; mother awake.

The God of sleep lies heavie on her eyes;
Force up the door; fire, fire, fire.

Eu. It's fortifi'd 'gainst strength, you must call louder.

Clot. Mother, Queen, Mother, awake awake,
Your sleep was never more like death than now;
Lady, Great Princess; fire, fire, fire.

Enter Queen above in night attire, Landrey.

Qu. What saucie Groom
Beats our offendle's doores thus daringly?
H'had better row'd a sleeping Lyoness
Than thus t'have broke our slumbers; what art thou?

Clot. Look,
The fire will give you light, 'tis I your Son,
Flie from your Chamber else you are but dead,
Your Court is all a Bonfire.

Qu. Let it burn, I have lost my credit everlastingly,
I will not move afoot.

Clot. You must be forced then.

(aside.
(Exit Eunuch busie to
quench the fire.

Land. Ladie,
Where is your wit now in necessitie?
We shall be taken, and you sham'd for ever.
Bethink, bethink your self, what shall we do.

(aside.

Qu. I have't, it shall be so; there, put on that,
And as the door flies open meet him full
Appearing in his Brothers warlike form,
Thou wilt amaze and so passe by him safely.
Do not appear to me, I did not wound thee,
Seek out the beds of those that caus'd thy death,
And howl to them thy pittious complaints;
O do not look on me, be gone, be gone.

(aloud this.

Clot. Whom d'ee hold discourse with, with the air?
Bethink your self, this is no time to dallie.

Qu. O my Son, such horrid apparitions full of dread
Have I beheld, have quite unwitted me;

Thy

A Tragedie.

Thy brothers Ghost, young *Clouis* Ghost in armes
Has thrice appear'd to me this dismall night;
You heard me speak too't.

Clot. True, I heard you speak,
But what of that?

Qu. Calls for *Abelias*
To bear him company i'th'other world,
Or else hee'l nightly haunt us in our sleep.

Enter Landrey, as in the Princes Armour.

Clot. O see, it comes!

Qu. Fear it not, Son.

Clot. What art thou that usurp'st this dead of night,
In metal like the age? why art thou sent
To cast a horror on me? If thy soul
Walks unreveng'd, and the grim Ferriman
Deny thy passage, i'l perform thy rights. *(the Ghost points to*
O do not wound me with such piteous signs, *his wounds.*
Lest I dissolve to air, and like thy self
Affright fool mortals: If that thou desir'st
Abelias's death t'appease thy troubled soul,
Make some consenting sign, and so depart.
Thy sight afflicts my soul.

(Enter Queen.)

Qu. How fares our Son? *(He bends and so goes off; then*
at the other door enter Eunuch.)

Clot. It was my brothers spirit; nothing but *Abelias's*?

Qu. She must die, you see it's requisite.

Clot. Would he had askt my life first.

Qu. Why should you be so fond upon a woman?

Clot. Woman's the least part of her, shee's all Goddesse.

Qu. 'Twas your offer;

Remember there's no jesting with the Gods.

En. What might this mean? ha, where are my brains?

Clot. I had forgot my self, your pardon Mother;

Beare her from me this Jewel, I esteem
Equall with life; it was my brothers picture;
And with it, this, that she prepare to die;
Pray her to take it; and in death, but kisse

The Fatale Contract,

This sad remembrance for the senders sake,
Although for his whose form it represents,
And I shall take it for the greatest grace
That she can give, or I ought to desire.

Tell her, and if you can be mov'd to sorrow
Express it in you tears, it is not I
Pronounce this fatall sentence 'gainst her life
Which needs must ruine mine, but the hid will
And providence of heaven, 'gainst which to rage
It were as impious as not obey.

My brothers funerall is her dying day.
Tell her, though reason and my will do jarr,
My soul speaks peace, although my sentence war.
Say I love, and pray her to forgive me. *(Exit Queen.)*

Go, all attend my Mother; my estate
Delights not in Court Ceremony; stay,
Castrato stay, *(Enter all but the Eunuch & Clota.)*

And with thy Counsell cure thy dying Prince;
Thou art my bosome, *Eunuch*, and to thee
I dare unclasp my soul; what's to be done?

This is a damned spirit I have seen,
And comes to work my ruine.

Eu. What spirit?

Clot. My Brothers spirit in Arms, I swear it came forth here:
Out of my Mothers Chamber as I knockt.

Eu. Was it in Armor said you?

Clot. Yes, in that Armor he was us'd to wear
When we have run at Tilt, till our cleft Spaeres
Havt with their splinters scar'd the Element.

Eu. That Armor as I well remember, I did leave
In the Queens Bed-chamber as yesterday,
After the Triumphs and the Tournaments,
Having unbrac'd the Prince; 'tis even so,
Ha, ha, ha.

Clot. Why this ridiculous passion?
My state requires thy tears, and not thy mirth.

Eu. The Devill came from your Mothers Chamber sir;
She has a circle that can raise a Spirit;

Act II Tragedie

A *Mars* in armor too, she is a *Venus*,
And through your licence *Landrey* is no Eunuch.

Clot. What killing sense thou utter'st?
There's something in it I would understand,
And yet I dare not; *Landrey*? How know'st thou this?

Em. Since I have gone so far, I'll tell you;
I looked in at th'Key-hole, and I saw
Him in your Mothers arms upon the bed,
As sportingly as e'r I saw your Father.

Clot. Thou ly'st, take that; suspicion double sees, (*strikes*
Jealous informers ne'r meet better fees. *him, & offers to go out.*

Em. King, thou hadst better far have strook thy Father,
Dig'd up his bones and plaid at logs with them.
Stroken?

Clot. I know not, (*the King returns calmly*
My Mother alwaies had a scanted fame;
His thoughts too have been mine; I was to blame,
Prethee forgive me; my passions but like lightning,
Flash and away, dead e'r we say it is;
I am not alwaies angry, let that assure
My Mother may be false, she is a woman. (*gives him his Purse.*
Prethee deliver, come I will believe thee
Even to the utmost syllable.

Em. Then, she is false.

Clot. And didst thou see him mount my Mother's bed?

Em. Else pull these out.

Clot. Thou hast shot poyson through me;
False with *Landrey*, her sometime Page?

Em. Even with the same.

Clot. But wherefore would they have *Appelia* die?
There lies the mystery.

Em. They fear you will accept her as the Queen,
Of whom you may beget a hopefull issue
And frustrate their intents, who but expect
Your hop'd-for death, and perhaps plotted too,
That so they might become, what now you crosse,
Lawfully man and wife, and govern in your seat.

Clot. This carries shew of truth, or is't a lie

The Fatall Contract,

Well shadowed by the slave? I cannot tell :
My mother certainly is not so bad,
It is a sin to think it; hence and avoid my sight
Thou sower of debate, thy seeds are strow'd
On sterill ground; and therefore ill bestow'd. (Exit
Eu. Is't even so, work and about my brain,
I'm lost for ever if not, close again. (Exit..

SCEN. II.

Enter Dumain, Marvell, Bourbon, Lanoue.

Lan. Are all your Troops well furnish'd gainst resistance?
Are your men bold and daring, resolute
To run your hazard, indifferent rich, not poor,
That onely fight for bread? such oft betray
The sinews of a well knit plot for gain,
When these as well fight to defend as win.

Dum. Noble *Lanoue*,
Mine know, nor fear no death, souls of that fire,
They'l catch the bullet flying, scale a wall
Battled with Enemy, stand breaches, laugh
The thunder of a Canon, call it musick
Fitter a Ladies Chamber than the field;
When o'r their heads the Element is feel'd,
Darkned with Darts, they'l fight under the shade,
And ask no other roofs to hide their heads in;
They fear not *Jove*, and had the Giants been
But half so spirited, they had disthron'd him:
Kill, till they'r kill'd with killing, and oftner die
Wearied than wounded, being more oppress'd
With giving wounds than taking; when they fall,
They fall not vanquish'd, but by fate betraid;
Such are the men I lead.

Mar. They'r Souldiers fit to sack a Kingdom then,
And share the spoil between them.

Bourb. Were it come to that sport once.

Dum. *Bourbon*, it must, or some of us must fall.

Adars. Where shall we first attempt?

Dum.

The Fatall Contract,

Dum. The Citadel.

Lanoe. I say no, it's dangerous.

Dum. It is the safest courie.

Mart. Believe it not, it's full of hazard.

Dum. So is the generall enterprize in hand.

Lano. But this of certain ruine.

Mart. Give me a reason, why you would invade
The Palace first, and I am satish'd?

Dum. Then understand, *Lanoe* lives still at Court.
Disguised like a formal Surgeon,
To whom the Prince being delivered
To be embalm'd and boweld, finding life
Yet in his Corps, which way he's very skillful,
H'as balsomed all his wounds and cur'd him.

Lano. And what of all this!

Dum. Have temperance, and hear the rest:
For this the Prince h'as promis'd him the place,
The grand Commander of the Citadel,
Whose aid can stand us infinitely.

Lano. Is it certain?

Dum. I did but even now receive this Letter, (shows the Letter.)
Which constantly affirms it from himself;
He saies it is not known in Court yet, that the Prince lives,
For divers reasons best known to themselves;
And herein doth require our secrecie,
Therefore dear friends be warie to divulge it.
Besides he saies here,
That the great Monseieur's suppos'd funeral
This day's solemnized with greatest pomp;
And how *Aphelia* dies a sacrifice
That hour he is buried on his Herse:
What if we made attempt to save the Virgin?

Lano. It may not be, better she fall alone,
Than all of us together. And now best friends
Let us behave us bravely, it's no base act
We undertake, but our whole Countries freedom
From slavery and bondage; men of worth stand bare
To pages and gilt Butterflies? besides the Queen.

The Fatal Contract;

Will grave us all rather than want sport
In spilling human blood ; come, let's withdraw,
And laie the plat-form of this mighty work ;
My soul sits smiling in me, I divine
Though now it lowr, I shall see Sun will shine. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clovis and Lamot both disguised.

Clo. Strepbon, for so thou nam'st thy self, thou'st made
Thy Prince thy subject by thy timely cure ;
This is the hour I must be buried living ;
And this the hour the fair *Appelia*
Dyes on my Herse t'appease my wandring Ghost ;
Say Strepbon, is it so ?

Lam. Nay this the very minute : hark, I hear them
Comming. *(sad solemn musick.)*

Clov. Stand close here, wee'l observe the Mourners.

*Enter six of the Guard, their Halberds reverst, then a Cardinal,
Landrey, Old Brissac ; then the Herse born by six young men,
then King, Queen, Eunuch holding up her train, two or three
Ladies, these in mourning : at the other door, a Headsman, two
Nuns in white singing, Appelia with a Garland on her head,
led by two little boyes in white ; after these, more Virgins adorned
like the rest ; both Troops passe by each other ; the song ended, the
Herse is set down between both companies, Appelia mourning as
one end, and the King as the other, who after a little pause speaks.*

The Song by Nuns.

Come blest Virgins come and bring
To this Goddess offering,
Offer to her kisses, such
As make good better by the touch ;
Where her eyes let fall a tear,
Another Paradise springs there ;
It's preposterous crueltye
To sacrifice a Deitie ;
If a true path should be trod,
To her sacrifice a God.

Clos.

A Tragedie.

Clot. Set down, set down your honourable load,
Firing an *Atlas* shoulder; burden of grace
And majestie immense, whose weight doth load
Heavens stooping Porter, under which he groans
More than the Sphæres, and sweats thy weight not theirs;
Let me bedew thy Herse with pious tears,
Balm to wounds, repenting ones; look down
From heaven empireall and behold me stand
All flood in sorrow, drown'd in mine own tears;
Behold this spotlesse sacrifice, a Virgin
As pure in thought as Vesture, an Oblation
To ransom *Jove* and Heaven had he been taken,
And so we yeeld her up. (*Delivers her to the Headsman.*)

Brif. O my good Lord,
This is conspiracie 'gainst an old mans life;
Have you no other way to murder me,
But to begin with her? are these your plots?
You'r weary of my counsell? and my place
May better be suppli'd by greener heads?
Pray cut off mine, do, do, a weak old man,
My absence were material, since your state
Requires Paricides about you,
Alas I may be spar'd; why must she die?
Because she's fair? or that a Prince
Once thought her so? the fault is none of hers,
Let nature suffer for't; if it prove Art,
Or that with plaitred cunning she did catch
Your Brothers love with an adulterate form,
I yeeld her up as not aly'd to me;
If not, why should she suffer?

Clot. *Briffac*, peace.

Clot. What pageant's this?

Clot. Be it no wonder Lords

To see a Prince an Executioner;
Far be it from the dignitie of *France*
To let a soul forth so refin'd as her's
With mercenary hands.

Lam. Contain your self,

(*The King takes the
sword from the Exe-
cutioner.*)

You

A Tragedie.

You may prevent the danger when you please.

Clot. Behold the conquest of thine eies *Appelia*, (*the King*
France at thy foot, tread on his Royaltie; *kneels, and takes*
Or if thy nature knows not to forgive, *the sword at*
which to believe were impious, take this sword *Appelia's foot.*
And search my heart, send me a sacrifice
I appease the troubled spirit of thy love.

Qu. O *Eunuch*, that shew'd take him at his word. (*aside.*

Clot. I find a speaking pittie in thine eyes,
Which thence will drop upon thy gentle tongue,
And cry in peace, Long live my Sovereign.

Apphe. Long live *Clotair*, long live my Sovereign.

Clot. The motions of the Sphaeres move in that tongue.
Turn all your fables to the Tyrian dye,
Your dirges into sprightful wedding airs.
Why looks our Court so sad? is this a time
To anckor your aspects unto the earth?
By my blest self, he's traytor to the height,
That do's not straight salute her as his Queen.

Omnes. Long live *Appelia* Queen of *France* and us.

Lsmot. Do you hear this? what are you planet-strucken?
Clovis, Prince, Monsiure?

Qu. What will *Clotair* do?

Clot. What heaven ha's pointed for him, Marrie her.

Qu. Thy Grave, thy Grave first *Clotair*.

Clot. Cardinal. (*The Cardinal and the*

Qu. What evill spirit's crept into my Son? *King whisper.*
Venom'd his noble nature, sickned all
His wholsome faculties, slain's divinitie?
Are these your vows? or canst thou couzen heaven?
Necessity of fate depends on it,
You know the must to earth.

Clot. I, but not yet:
Since she ha's conquer'd me, that could do fate,
Had she joyn'd with me, the aw'd destinies
Spin her decrees, and what she wills they act;
Sith then what must be must be, joyn our hands.

Lam.

A Tragedie.

Lam. Now, now, prevent them yet ; O statue Prince
Thou art undone for ever. (*The Monfieur stands amaz'd.*)

Clov. Where am I ?

Awake ? for ever rather let me sleep.
Is this a funeral ? O that I were a Herse,
And not the mock of what is pagented.

Clov. Amazement quite confounds me, *Clovis* alive !

Lam. Yes sir, by my Art he lives, though his desire
Was not to have it known ; this Chest contains
Nothing but spices sweetly oderiferous.

Clov. Into my soul I welcome thee dear brother ;
This second birth of thine brings me more joy,
Than had *Apbelia* brought me forth an Heir,
Whom now you must remember as a Sister.

Clo. O that in nature there was left an Art,
Could teach me to forget I ever lov'd
This her great Masterpiece ; O well built frame,
Why dost thou harbour such unhallow'd guests
To house within thy bosome perjurie ?
If that our vowes are registred in heaven,
Why are they broke on earth — ? *Apbelia*,
This was a hastie match, the subcill air
Ha's not yet cool'd the breath, with which thou swor'st
Thy self into my soul ; and on thy cheeks,
The print and path-way of those tears remain
That woo'd me to believe so : flie me not,
I am no spirit ; tast my active pulse,
And you shall find it make such harmony.
As youth and health enjoy.

En. The Queen she faints.

Clov. Is there a God left so propitious
To rid me of my fears ; still let her sleep,
For if she wake (O King) she will appear
Too monstrous a spectre for frail eyes
To see and keep their senses.

Lam. Are you mad ?

Clo. Nothing so happy *Strepson*, would I were ;
In times first progress I dispair the hour,

The Fatall Contract,

That brings such fortune with it ; I should then
Forget that she was ever pleasing to me ;
I should no more remember she would sit
And sing me into dreams of Paradise ;
Never more hang about her Ivory neck
Believing such a one *Diana's* war,
Never more dote she breaths Arabia,
Or kiss her Corral lip into a paleness.

Strepb See, she's return'd, and with majestique gaze,
In pitty rather than contempt, beholds you.

Clov. Convey me hence some charitable man, (*admiringly*.)
Left this same Creature looking like a Saint,
Hurry my soul to Hell ; she is a fiend
Apparel'd like a woman, sent on earth
For man's destruction.

Clot. Rule your disorders'd tongue ;
Clovis, what's past we are content to think,
It was our brother spoke, and not our subject.

Clov. I had forgot my self, yet well remember,
Yon Gorgon ha's transform'd me into stone ;
And since that time my language ha's been harsh,
My words too heavie for my tongue, to earthly ;
I was not born so, trust me *Aphelia* :
Before I was possesst with these black thoughts,
I could sit by thy side, and rest my head
Upon the rising pillows of thy breast,
Whose naturall sweetnesse would invire mine eies
To sinck in pleasing slumbers, wake, and kisse
The Rose-beds that afforded me such blis ;
But thou art now a generall disease
That eat't into my Marrow, turn't my blood,
And mak't my veines run poyson, that each sense
Groans at the alteration : am I the Monshire ?
Do's *Clovis* talk his sorrows, and not act ?
O man bewomaniz'd ; wert thou not mine,
How comes it thou art his ?

Clot. You have done ill,
And must be taught so ; you Capitulate
Not with your equall *Clovis*, she's thy Queen.

A Tragedie.

Clov. Upon my knees I do acknowledge her, (be kneels.)
Queen of my thoughts and my affections.

O pardon me, if my ill-tutor'd tongue
Ha's forfeited my head; if not, behold
Before the sacred altar of thy feet,
I lie a willing sacrifice.

Apbe. Arise:

And henceforth *Clov.* thus instruct thy soul;
There lies a depth in fate, which earthly eyes
May faintly look into, but cannot fathom;
You had my vow till death to be your wife,
You being dead my vows were cancelled,
And I as thus you see bestow'd.

Clov. Farewell;

I will no more offend you: would to God
Those cruell hands not enough barbarous,
That made these bleeding witnesses of love,
Had set an endless period to my life too.

Clos. Where there's no help it's bootless to complain;

Clov. she's mine; let not your spirit war
Or mutiny within you, because I say't;
Nor let thy tongue from henceforth dare presume,
To say she might, or ever should be thine;
What's past once more I pardon, 'tis our wedding day.

Clo. A long farewell to love, thus do I break: (he breaks
Your broken pledge of faith; and with this kiss, the King.
The last that ever *Clov.* must print here:
Unkiss the kiss that seal'd it on thy lips.

Ye powers ye are unjust, for her wild breath
That ha's the sacred tie of contract broken,
Is still the same Arabia that it was: (the King Clotair

Nay I have done; beware of jealousy, pulls him.
I would not have you nourish jealous thoughts;
Though she ha's broke her faith to me, to you
Against her reputation shee'l be true:

Farewel my first love lost, i'l chuse to have
No wife, till death shall wed me to my Grave.
Come *Sirephon*, come and teach me how to die,
That gav't me life so unadvisedly. (Ex. *Clov.* & *Sireph.*

The Fatall Contract,

Clo. Let *Clovis* that way go, this way will we,
He's great with grief, we with felicity. (*Exs. all with Glovis.*)

Manest Queen and Eunuch.

Qu. Mischiefe grows lean *Castrato*, all our plots
Turn head upon themselves, my brains grow weak;
And in this Globe the policie's not left
To kill a worm unseen; I am undone,
And all my plots discover'd.

Es. This is strange,
Some comick Devil crosses our designs;
How else should he revive, or yea prepar'd,
Nay in the arms *Landrey*, when desire
Had made you all a *Venus*, meet events
So barren in their expectations?

Qu. Their lies the grief *Castrato*; Had the Court;
So I had quencht these burnings flames within,
Been buri'd in her cinders, I had car'd not.

Es. But yet *Landreis* escape doth qualifie
The non-performance.

Qu. That sits smiling here,
It set my brains upon the tentors *Eunuch*;
Was't not a rare device?

Es. And was not I
As fortunate to leave that Armour there;
But now what's to be done?

Qu. My dul *Aethiope*,
I will instruct thy blacknesse; learn to know
My reputation's sickned, and my fame
Is look'd into with narrow eyes at Court;
Therefore it's thus decreed, I will remove,
And sequester my self from company.

Es. Good!

Qu. Thou know'st where *Chilbrick* keep his Concubine
To none discover'd by thy self and me,
For which she is no more.

Es. Right.

Qu. There will I
And my *Landrey* securely spend our time,

Revill;

A Tragedie.

Revil, imbrace, and what not my *Eunuch* :
The Cave that leads unto the postern Gate,
Which *Childrick* made, will give him entrance :
No eie acquainted, being thus retir'd.
What lust inflam'd must be by lust unfir'd.

Eu. Excellent mistris, I applaud your brain.

Qu. I will away to night, I cannot brook
These loathed Nuptials, they have undone
My hopes on earth for ever, therefore my *Eunuch*,
Acquaint *Landrey* with these designs.

Eu. What else?

Qu. If by the engine of thy stronger brain,
Thou couldst remove--

Eu. *Abelias* or the King.

Monsiere, or all; it is not so my *Queen*?

Qu. Thou hast a brain which doth ingender thoughts
As regall as our own, which do beget
A race of rare events; what pittie 'tis
Thy body should be sterill, since thy mind
Is of so pregnant and a fruitful kind;
Farewell, remember me.

(Exit *Queen*.)

Eu. Remember you?

Your Gibship shall be thought on fear it not;
And now bethink thee *Eunuch*, all thy plots
Find fruitlesse issues, onely in the King,
His worship walkt into the other world,
Like a tame suckling Pig that dy'd o'th pipp;
The trouble is behind, my hate extends
To the whole family, I must root them up,
And beldam first with you: but how? but how?
If (in her proud desire) I do prevent
Her lust this second time, before the third.
She may repent and save her loathed soul,
Which my revenge would damn; yet were she cross,
Her lust being now at full flood in her,
And no way left to quench her burning flame,
Her dryer bones would make a bonfire,
Fit for the Devill to warm his hands by:

The Fatall Contract,

Stay, stay, *Castrato*; no, this must not be,
Nor must the high and mighty Queen *Appelia*
This night enjoy her Bridegroom, I must set
Some mischief instantly on foot to stop it;
If I miscarry in it story shall tell,
I did attempt it bravely though I fell. (Enter *Lamot* and

Clo. Disswade me not, *Castrato* I have sought thee. *Clovis.*
Through every angle of this spacious Court,
I've buisnesse to impart.

Eu. And so have I.

Clo. Mine is of honourable consequence,
And doth require thine aid.

Eu. So doth mine yours.

Clo. *Appelia* is——

Eu. Your Brothers Wife and you
Would faine enjoy her too: why sir you may,
But time must work her.

Clo. *Eumuch*, thou art wide;
Those vaneties of love are quite extinct,
Revenge doth swell the *Monsieur*, and his thoughts
Which burn within him must be quencht with blood;
I have incens'd the King with yellowness,
With doubtfull phrases on *Appelia's* fame;
See'st thou this Letter, 'tis a scripe I feign'd, (Shew a Paper.)
For I can counterfeit *Appelia's* hand;
The King ha's banish'd *Landrey* from the Court,
Because he wore the Jewel which he sent
To his *Appelia*: light suspicions,
But this shall aggravate; find thou the King,
Shew him this Note, it doth expresse great love
To *Landrey* from *Appelia*; and withall,
It mentioneth the Jewel as a Gift
To gratifie her servant; this to the rest
Of poyson he ha's suck'd already in,
Will so inflame him, that the Court shall burn
Too hot for his *Appelia*.

Eu. Think it done;
But now your aid, since that your mind is bent

A Tragedie.

On honourable ends, here's one will trie you.

Cl. Thou'dst have me joyn my self unto the Rebels,
And with my person grace their cause, perhaps
That is not now to plot.

Em. I find you high,
Worthy the name of Monsieur; yet your thoughts
Hit not my purpose, it is such that made
Your Brother quake to hear.

Cl. What is it *Eumeb*?
If that it bear an honourable sound,
Though death stood gaping wide to swallow me,
I would not shrink nor fear.

Em. Noble; hear it then,
Your Mother's loose, and this night renders up
Her body unto lust, if not prevented;
I can direct you where and when, with whom?

Cl. My soul finds the man, is't not *Landrey*?

Em. The same.

Cl. I'll tear him all to pieces then,
Whore my Mother; *Eumeb* lead the way,
In what thou shalt prescribe we will obey. *Exeunt omnes.*

Actus Quartus, Scena Prima.

Enter Clotair, Solus,

Clot. **W**Hat vulture gripes me here, ha, what art thou?
If thou beest jealousie mount and be gone;
Fly to the vulgar bosome, whose cheap thoughts
Despair their own performance; in a Prince
Thou shew'st a nature retrograde to honour.
Suppose she gave the Jewels, must it follow
She therefore is disloyal? poor consequence,
A Bable for a boy to play withall;
I am resolv'd, hark, I hear her comming;
O *Juno*, what a look and gate is there!

Enter

The Fatall Contract,

*Enter Aphelia as going to bed, two or three Ladies
with Lights.*

Aph. Mock me not Ladyes with this Ceremony,
For I am fitter to attend on you;
I am become a servant and a slave
To every moodie passion of my Lord.
All that's behind I can perform myself,
Without this complement.

1 Lady. Sweet Lady,
You must not weigh these things so deeply,
Your Lord is of a noble spirit;
And you shall see how calm he will return,
Blessing your Bridall bed with fruitfull issue.

Aph. No, no;
The Saffron-coated Hymen frowns upon us,
These Tapers here were lighted at a pile,
As fit Attendants on the Grave, not Bed;
Juno denies her presence at this match,
And all the ill presaging birds of night
Sing fatall Requiem for a Bridall Song;
O Ladyes, is not this ominous?

Clos. Yes my *Aphelia*, if that ragged fate
Lie in a kiss, then it is ominous.
Let me dwell here; I am ravisht,
Am I on earth? no, heaven is here,
And all th'unimitable joyes, that Poets feign,
Are better'd in thy goodnesse.

Aph. I hope your fears are satisfied now,
You bear a brow so sweetly pleasant.

Clos. What pretty foolery is this *Aphelia*?
I am not jealous, for be all that good
I cannot think thee evill; kiss me sweet,
There's no deceit lies here; again, agen:
Her kisses melt upon my lip, if sin
Have so much heaven in't, I'll be a sinner;
Prethee forgive my folly that could be wrought
To such a senselesse passion, come let's in
And shake this off as it never been.

(kisses her.
(again kisses.

A Tragedie.

1 *Lady*. We must a while my Lord intreat your absence,
We have some certain Notions to deliver,
Some pillow counsels; i'l assure your highness
It shall be no wayes prejudiciall to you.

2 *Lady*. You see she's not prepar'd, till that's perform'd
She's ours; that done, we yeeld her up
To the dark night, and mercy of your Lordship.

Clos. Go then unharnis your Lady for these wars,
For we are of the *Camilli*, and fight naked. (*Ext. Ladies*
Ye powers that favour Lovers, infuse apt strength & *Aphe*.
Through every nerve and sinew of this frame;
Make me all pleasure; and unto the bride
Add every vein a *Venus*; guid me light,
Where in on bed lies all the worlds delight.

Offers to go out and meets the Eunuch.
Eu. Not yet in bed! Ohappy, happy minute,
Untill this hour I ne'r was fortunate;
I have preserv'd my King, my Prince, my Patron,
From the loose ardor of a Scrumphts bed.

Clos. What's this?

Eu. Be not this second time incredulous,
And scorn my honest heart; or grant you were,
I deal not now on doubts; your wife is false,
Dishonest as the Suburbs, I am loath
To nominate her whore though it be true.

Clos. True? ha!

Eu. Leave this Lethargiz'd passion which benumns
Your nobler nature; turn your eies on this; (*Shows a Letter*.
Whose Character is this?

Clos. It is *Apbelia's* hand, the very same
Which I have often seen *Clovis* peruse (*The bed thrust*
In his loves amorous pursute. *forth with Aphe. asleep.*

Eu. Read the Contents.

Clos. A Letter that she loves *Landrey*, with thanks
For his so freequent visits, which she repaies
With therich Jewel sent her by the King,
Wishing a perpetuic of imbracements.
Ten thousand Ravens crook is this black paper.

The Fatal Contract,

How came you By it.

En. I saw it drop from *Landry*, but ne'r thought
'Fore I perus'd it what it did contain ;
Which finding, in my duty I was bound
To save my Prince from ruine.

Clot. Hold my heart,

Oh what shall *Clotair* do ? — it cannot be ;
Do but behold her face, and thou shalt read
What we call vertue there, and modesty ;
Here is a look would perswade cruelty
To sigh and shed a tear, bribe *Nemesis*
To knot her steely scourge with Plume of Down,
And *Jove* himself to call her vice a virtue.

En. A book of Devils may have the Cover gilt ;
Treason lyes Cabin'd in the smoothest brow ;
The Devill can assume an Angels form ;
Your wife is fair, but fair to do you harm.

Clot. Oh say not so, she is the neatest cut
As e'r was printed by the hand of heaven ;
Here is a volum of Divinity,
Compos'd so rarely, that to add to this,
Or take away from hence, were such a sin
Repentance could not expiate ; i'l not touch
With hands unhallowrd such a puritie,
Could it change all my thoughts to peace and silence.

En. My Lord —

Clot. Peace slave,
Thou that infects all peace.

En. Why are you thus distemper'd ? let not truth
Make you so wild a tempest ; were it false,
Or that I sought the ruine of your house,
Your youth and honour, then it were a time
To swell beyond all charming down, but being truth—

Clot. Truth ! hence and avoid my sight, fly where the world
Promiscuously combines without distinction ;
Where every man is every womans husband,
Or where it's thought a curtesie to have
A fellow labourer in the marriage bed.

These

A Tragedie.

These were a people that might bear with thee,
And fit for thee to dwell with; hence away,
And if thou lov'st thy life, acquaint thy feet
With such by paths that we may never meet. *Exit.*

Em. This Prince is of a nature mild and gentle,
His mothers milk's too fluent in his eies,
And much I fear his resolution:
Yet I will work him forward; she awakes *(Aphelia stirs*
I'll after him and fetch him back; if then *in the bed.*
She scape his hate, Hell has no power with men. *(Ex. Em.*

Apbe. Oh, oh, oh, help, help my Lord and husband;
O my Father, my Lord and husband, help, help.
Bless me Divinity, is it but a Dream! ha the light
Gone; who waits there? *Isabel, Julia.*

Isa. It was my Ladies voice, do's she call for help? *(Ent. Isabel*
I cannot blame her; were I in her place I should *with a light.*
Do so too, the Prince looks like a bungler.

Apbe. Who's there? *Isabel.*

Isab. Did you call Maddam?

Apbe. Saw'st thou nothing? where is my Lord?

Isab. Is he absent? I cannot blame her then to cry for help,
I should do it my self; a Prince, a Puppet would have
Been more manly: how do you Maddam?

Apbe. All stands not well.

Isab. I believe that faithfully.

Apb. O Girl I've past the dismal'st part of night,
As ever tortur'd fancy with extremes.

Isab. If all Brides should be so tortur'd, i'd forswear
Marriage.

Apbe. Methoughts I saw my Father in a Vault,
His silver hair made crimson with his blood;
My brother at his Herse upon his knees,
Taking a solemn oath for his revenge;
Yet all this while fancy so fool'd my sense,
Methought that I was here; where on the instant,
My Lord in preparation for my bed,
Was by an ugly fiend raviſht from hence
And hurried to destruction; here I awak'd,

The Fatall Contract,

And trust me *Isabel* I scarce believe

But what I saw was reall; heard'st thou nothing?

Isab. I heard discourse of people in your Chamber—
Some half an hour since, but they went forth,
And to my seeming full of discontent,
But know not who they were.

Aphe. Oh it is too true;
I'll to my Fathers, my Prophetique soul
Sits like a Mine of lead within me; come
Help me to mourn my Girl, for this sad sight
Befits a funerall, not a Bridall night.

(*Exeunt ambo.*

Clos. I am resolv'd *Castrato*, i'll be cruel,
Since she's desil'd; and like a Chrystal well
Has her spring poyson'd by the enemy,
For which it's death for the besieg'd to tast;
Such are adulterate waters; say *Esmuch*,
What read'st thou in our brow? speak truly man.

(*Ent. Closair and
the Esmuch.*

Eu. A foolish grudging of the Mother still.

Clos. A settled resolution my black Saint,
Not to be altdred by the brackish tears
Which flow in pregnant eies of easie women.
Slack pietie,

And rise black vengeance from the depth of hell,
And fate me her destruction; lock up in me
The Organs of remorse, all faculties

That write me man, or mankind; create
A spirit of horror in me, apt me to look
Upon such deeds nature would tremble at;

And the discrete composure of the world
Melt and dissolve to nothing, whilst I unmov'd
Smile at the alteration; infuse such soul,

And I shall then behold all crueltie
Human invention e'r was guiltie off,

And whilst I groan under extremitie,

Stand and applaud the Executioner;

My honour calls for vengeance, and i'll do: ha, (*draws his*

How? she gone, and I have lost mine anger too. *Dagger & goes*

Eu. But whether is she gone, to some new Groom, to the bed.

Who

A Tragedie.

Who being fool'd her expectation,
Will make thee Cuckold on thy wedding night.

Clo. Thou hast awak'd me, i'll know where she is,
Hell, nor her darker deeds shall hide her from me,
Who waits, Lackey? *Ens. Lackey.*

Lack. My Lord.

Clo. Where is thy Lady? where's *Appelia*?

Lack. She's even now gone forth.

Clo. Gone forth, with whom?

Lack. There was one with her, but whether man or
Woman I am uncertain; but sure 'twas a man,
She would not dare to venture out so late else.

Clo. Get to thy rest. *(Exit Lackey.)*

I'll take thy word *Eumach* for the Kingdoms wealth.

Ens. Oh do you begin to credit now,
Now when perhaps it is to late, this comes of patience;

Clo. Turn patience into fury, love to hate,
My softer temper to a heart of steel;
Respect of wedlock and the sacred vow
Made 'fore the holy Altar to the Priest,
Thus I do fling ye off; revenge shall move
About our bridall bed instead of love. *Exeunt.*

SCEN. II.

Enter Clovis, Lamot, and three or four of the Guard.

Clo. Upon your lives let no man passe that way.

Om. Guard. Your Grace shall be obey'd in all.

Clo. If he resist or offer violence, knock out his brains;
There's your reward, be carefull and begone.

Om. Guard. God preserve the Monsiere. *(Exit Guard.)*

Clo. You shall possess the Cave, my self will in
And visit these night Revellers, such sport
I will administer shall make them dance
Lavalto's in the air, here's that shall fiddle to them.
Have you the habit *Ssephon*?

Lam. With these hands
I did disrobe the statue of your Father,

The Fatall Contract,

And they are ready---

Clo. Landrey, blood doth swell
The Monsieur's thoughts, to send thy soul to Hell.

Exeunt omnes.

SCEN. III.

Enter Landrey, musick above, and this Song.

The Song.

*Wisdom bids us shun the Court,
What great ones do, some will report;
Here we may enjoy each other,
And no eye our loves discover.
I will make thee choice of poses,
Beds of Cassia mixt with Roses;
Where we'll toy, and kisse, and varie
Pleasures till the morn discloses
All our secrets, if thou'st tarry.*

Lan. If I will tarry, let me wither here,
Within these sacred walls let me expire,
And spend the remnant of my life that's left,
In service of the Deitie lives here.
The air's perfum'd each room thorough which I walk,
Banquets the senses, courts the appetite
Of every facultie that makes up man,
To complement it into paradise.
If then Elysium's here; where are those shades,
Those blessed apparitions Poets feign?
Appear my Goddess and out sing the Poets: *(Enter Queen.*
Reality of fancy that excell't
The faint expressions of a lazie tongue,
Whose house is rool'd with flesh; to tell thy worth,
Tongues tip'd with immortality would faint in'r.

Qu. Excellent se.vant, what house do you write too?
Poet and Actor both? why, this sudden gaze,
Your cases are too narrow for your eyes?
Pray spare your Optiques sir for *Venus* service.

Lan. No,
I'll play the prodigall with my precious sight,

And

A Tragedie.

And spend it all on you ; to view your second
Were such a happiness, after the which
It were a sin to see more.

Qu. bleſs me *Rahlsis*,
And all ye foster phanſies of the *French* ;
What ails the man ? my *Laudrey Laureat*.

Lat. It is my *Queen* that's Laureat, whose bleſt ſight
Creates a Poet ; this divine feature
Heaven onely made to make man ingenious.

Qu. Is this *Extempore*, or have you hir'd
Some hackney Muſe acquainted with the road
Of vulgar exorciſms to charm cheap beauties ;
Take up, at this ſpeed elſe your Muſe will founder.

Laud. Founder, and have her founders by ? with patience
Here but theſe poor expreſſions of your worth,
Which faintly paint forth your perfections,
And you ſhall bleſſe my Muſe.

Qu. Wee'l hear your jig,
How is your Ballad titl'd ? come pronounce.

Laudrey Reads.

From head to foot, *Fredigond* been
Far excell'g beauties *Queen* ;
Had *Jaſon* but beheld her hair,
The golden Fleece had ne'r ſeem'd fair ;
Thoſe ſtars which mortals ſuppoſe eyes,
Were aſcendant in the ſkies,
When is fell to *Venus* lot
That little *Cupid* was begot.
Her tongue in which the *Spheres* do move,
Organ of divineſt love,
Was by *Apollo* fram'd, that he
From hence might learn more harmony ;
Who noats her teeth, and lips diſcloſes,
Walls of Pearl, and gates of Roſes ;
Two leaved doores that lead the way
Through her breath i' *Arabia*,
To which would *Cupid* grant that bliſs,
I'd go a pilgrimage to kiſs ;
Thoſe bills of ſnow which on her breaſt.

Riſe

The Fatall Contract,

Rise swelling with their double crest,
Mate Parnassus mountain, whence
The Muses suck their eloquence;
Whose parts which we will not discover
Hce'l imagine that's a lover.

Like Juno she doth go,
Like Pallas talk and sow,
Like Venus in her bliss,
Each kisse a Cupid is,
And her hands as white as snow.
From head to foot my Mistress been
Far exceeding beauties Queen.

Qu. Leave these ariall Viands, tast of that
Is here substantiall; how like you the fruit?

Land. Let me for ever dwell upon these lips.

Qu. You are too greedy of these rarities,
And must be dyeted, lest surfeiting
Your appetite should sicken and so die.

Land. Die on yuur lips, O death-bed for a *Joov*;
Who's buried here, his Grave's immortal love;
Here will I dwell, and know no age nor sorrow.

Q. Yet *Childrick* knew them both.

Land. A frosty Prince

Begot on *January* by a *Dutch man*.

And worthy of these flames he now indures.

*Enter Clovis from under the Stage with his Fathers
Gown and Robes on.*

Qu. What noise is this? guard me divinitie.

Clov. What has my harshnes done? she is my Mother;
My conscience tells me I was much to blame
Thus to delude her fancy; she returns,

Qu. O *Childrick* I confesse 'twas I that kill'd thee,
These hands administred the fatal draught
That set thy soul on wing.

Clov. What do I hear?

Qu. Oh do not snatch my soul from out this world,
Till I have bath'd it in repentant tears,
And made it fit for heaven.

Clov.

A Tragedie.

Clow. She faints again ; (he puts off his robes.
Who waits within ? come forth and lend your aid : (Enter
O welcome *Srephon* ; use thy best of skill Lamot at the
That masters nature, and doth life restore, trap door.
Beyond the Art of *Æsculapius* ;
Apply thy gentlest med'cines. (Enter Musicians.

Lam. Let us withdraw ;
My life sir answer hers if she miscarry.

Clow. What are ye ?

Musi. Musicians, whose obedience
Doth here attend the Queen,

Clow. Bawds, arrant-bawds ;
I'll talk with you anon ; in, in. (Exeunt omnes,

Enter the Guard.

1 *Gua.* Stand close, stand close, I heard a bussing within
here while.

2 *Gua* Bussing, and they come this way here's that shall
bussle them. (Enter Landrey.

3 *Gua.* Fly upon him, hee's drunk, and will betray us all.

Land. I am betraid, tht Monsieur seeks my life,

All waies 'gainst m'escape are fortifi'd ;

O cruel fortune bawd to time and fate,

That sooth't us up to make us ruinate :

For now thou know'st no tears, anon no glee,

But onely constant in inconstancie.

(finds the Robes.

Ha ! what is here ? great Goddess pardon me,

I have offended 'gainst thy Deitie.

This shall delude the Watch ; thrice blessed hap

That thus deliver't whom they would intrap.

2 *Guard.* I will not stand, nor I cannot stand ; d'ee think
I'm drunk, what's that ?

Om. Gua. Blesse us, O blesse us ; Diabolo, Diabolo.

2 *Gua.* The Devil, what a Devil care I, keep off Devil,
I say keep off, I do not fear thee ; are you
Sneaking back, you cowardly Rogue, d'ee budge ;
I hate a cowardly rogue, as I hate, as I hate the
Devil ; take that.

(knocks him down.

H

Land.

The Fatall Contract,

Land. Oh, oh, oh.

2 Guar. Oh, oh, oh, i'l make you cry oh ;
What Devil made you in my way ?
I'l now see what money he carries about him ;
Men say the Prince of darknesse is a Gentleman,
By'rladie he ha's good clothes ; but yet for all that
He may have no money.

Enter Queen, Clovis, Lamot undisguised, Musicians.

Qu. I know not were he is, or if I did,
Before i'd yeeld him up to thy revenge,
I'l die ten thousand deaths.

Clov. Thou glorious light, that in thy naturall Orb
Didst comfortably shine upon this Kingdome ;
How is thy worth ecclips'd, what a dull darknes
Hangs round about thy fame ? in all this piece,
To every limb whereof I once ow'd dutie,
I know not where now to find out my mother.

Qu. The Devil and disobedience blinds your eyes.

Clov. O that I had no eyes, so you no shame ;
Murder your Husband to arrive at lust,
And then to lay the blame on innocents ?
Blush, I blush, thou worse than woman.

Qu. Ha, ha, ha.

Clov. Hold my heart,
You'r impudent in sin ; has your proud page
Made you thus valiant ? tell me, where he is ;
For if you dally with me, know this hand
Shall rip him from thy heart, though Cabin'd there.

Qu. How dar'st thou cloth thy speech in such a phrase
To me thy naturall Mother ?

Clov. My Mother !
Adulterate woman, shame of Royaltie,
I blush to call thee mother ; thy foul lusts
Have taught me words of that harsh consequence
That Stigmatize obedience, and do brand
With mis-becoming accents filiall duty :
Deliver quickly where this leacher is ;
Here hous'd he must be, for he cannot scape,
Lest wildness conquering my softer sense,

Thrust

A Tragedie.

Thrust forth my hand into an act of horror, &
And leave you breathlesse here.

Q. What *French* Neronian spirit have we here?
Insolent boy, wilt thou turn Paricide?

Clov. The justness of my cause would excuse me
If I should execute; speak murderers,
Where have you mew'd your Monster?

Q. Here lies the Monster, oh rare Monster; two Berds,
This is a comick Monster; a Periwick too, this is a Court
Monster;

D'ee gape, what in the Devils name would you beg now?

Lam. Behold my Lord, the Woodcock's in the Gin,
Here lies the great *Landrey*.

Q. O horrid sin.

Clov. This habit might have ruin'd all *Lamos*.
But Goblin now you are caught; what is he dead?

Lam. Scarce hurt my Lord; how is't? look up.

En. Where is the Queen? (Enter Eunuch.)

Q. Here *Eunuch*, as thou see'st, in misery.

En. O my heart, how came the Monsieur hither? *Lamos* too?

Q. All that I know is that we are betrayed.

En. I'll set them packing, fear not, — my good Lord.

Clov. Thou art a faithful servant.

En. Sir, the Rebels---

Clov. Give 'hem a nobler Title, by my life
I do applaud their courage; come they on?

En. Yes, and *Brissac* is made their Generall.

Clov. A hopeful youth, fraught with Nobility,
And all the graceful qualities that write
Man truly honourable; my injuries
Have swell'd me up to this.

En. His Father's dead.

Clov. Trust me I'm sorry, grief has broke his heart,
And mine *Castrato* too; canst thou imagine
Who was the Author of our Fathers death?

En. Am I betrayed? then lend me impudence,
I'm sure I cannot blush: Royal sir, whom?

Clov. Our Mother with *Landrey*, and this *Lamos*,
They ment should bear the blame; this was *Strepbon*.

The Fatal Contract,

Es. Indeed ?—would I were fairly off.

Clov. But what news with *Aphelesia* and her Bridegroom?

Ex. As you could wish, hee's full of jealousie,
No *Frenchman* e'r was more *Italian*;
I've wrought him bravely on, your Physick works,
Hither i've brought *Appelia*; to morrow
You shall hear further sport i'l warrant you;
In the mean while, what will you do with these?

Clov. Castrato thus;

Nature forbids me spill my Mothers blood,
And Landrey is unfit for my revenge ;
For I must study torments for the slave,
Therefore I give them up to your tuition,
Until I shall return victorious.

Q_u. Observ'd you that? there is some comfort yet.

Clev. Then wee'll determine of them, if we fall!

Let *Clotair* point them out a funerall:

Reward these with the whip, these with my purse,
His merit is two hundred Crowns, perform it:

2. *Guard*. Drink, I adorne thee drink; good fellows a'!

Sometimes we rise by drink, but oftner fall. (Ex. 2 Guard.

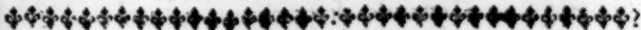
Clov. A moral drunkard, go away with them ; (*Ex. Eunuch,*
And on your life let them not stir from hence. Musicians,

Now my revenge grows to maturity, Landry & Queen.

Wee'll to Dumain (Lamot) and joyn with him;

Now *France* thou liest a bleeding, thou shalt prove

What 'tis to cross the Monsieur in his love. (Exeunt omnes.)



Actus Quintus.

Enter Brissac, Damaian, Bourbon, Lanoue, Marnel.

Dum. ¶ Or certain then the Princes are at odds.

F *Brif.* Yes, and the ground the marriage of my sister.

Burb. The Ulcerous state is ripe, and we must launce it.

Brif. The King doth Whore my sister; she's not his,

But

A Tragedie.

But true and lawfully the Monsiur's wife.

Dum. Did not one *Strepson* wait upon the Monsiure?

Brij. What's his condition?

Dum. A Surgion, and famous for the cure o'th'Prince.

Brij. Yes, such there was; but litle nois'd at Court.

Dum. That was *Lamot* our fast and noble friend.

Mrs. There's some design on foot that hinders him,
He would not else neglect us.

Within, the Monsiure, the Monsiure, ho, ho, ho.

Brij. What noise is that *Lanove*, step forth and see.

Du. O death we are surpris'd, the Monsiure, suddenly (again
Snared, let each man to his charge. (again.

Bourb. Hark, still the noise increaseth.

Brij. By the sound, this is a shout of joy and not of dread;
Lanove the news? (*En. Lanove, the Monsiure, Lamot & others.*

Monfi. *Brissac*, *Dumain*, *Martel*, and you the rest,
Think not I come a Traytor to your Camp;
I cannot gild my speech with eloquence,
If this will serve you sir, I am a friend.

Brij. The Monsiur's welcome, and his worth will grace
The dignity of this dayes work in hand.

Monfi. My almost Brother once, suffice I thank you,
And fairly greet this brave assembly,
Whose souls do look for stirring opposites,
'A hen your resistance I fear will be slender;
But were they centupul'd, i'l fight your cause,
Kings aim their subjects when they break their laws.

Omnes. Long live the Monsiure.

Monfi. Lead on, away:

Exeunt omnes.

SCEN. II.


*Enter the Eunuch, whilst the wains play softly, and solemnly
draws the Canopie, where the Queen sits at one end bound
with Landrey at the other, both as a sleep.*

Eu. Here sits our Beldam dieted for Venerie,
And by her, her *Landrey* not sur teited;
Her Ladyship's allow'd a mouldie crust,

The Fatall Contract,

He sinking water to peece out his life,
Between them both they banquet like one slave,
Condemn'd perpetually to the Burdello ;
They think I know not that they thus are us'd,
When it is onely I that use them thus.
How wickedly they look, oh I could laugh
To hear them rail at others misery ;
He curses her, and she sooth curses him,
And both each other damn for their offences.
Learn ye that pamper up your flesh for lust,
The *Eunuch* in his wickedness is just. Play louder, they sleep
too long.

Qu. A mischief take thee keeper, hardned dog,
Whom no distress can melt or mollifie;
The cruell King doth not deny us sleep,
Although the Nursers of ir, food and ease.

Em. Peace, peace, ye villains cease that ruder noise
That breaks your softer slumbers ; gentle *Queen*,
I am not guilty of these harsh-voic'd words. 
Your wilder sence hurls at me ; you mistake,
I am your *Eunuch*, one that weeps for you.

Qu. Oh *Castrato*, wast not those tears in vain,
Come hither and i'l catch those falling drops
Which prodigally over-flow their banks ;
There's Nectar in thine eye, oh let me drink it ;
These aged Cesterns are grown drie, and yeeld
Not one relenting drop to ease my thirst.
Castrato pittie me, my veins are parcht,
And this same flesh which walls about my soul,
Chops with excessive heat ; a little water
Castrato, but a little, though it hath been
The birth of Toads, or what the leapers bath'd in ;
O shew thy love but in a little water,
What can a *Queen* ask lesse, or subject grant her ?

Iu Though I be tortur'd, for it yet i'l do it. (*Ex. Eunuch.*)

Qu. It hath quencht half my thirst to find some pittie.

Land. I cannot bite mine arm, their tyrannie
D. nyes me what's mine own to feed upon,

A Tragedie.

One mouthfull would suffice ; I cannot get it,
Poor unfed sides that passe along the street,
I now am sensible of what ye want ;
Did I e'r think to die for want of food,
Whose Table was the world, from whence I cull'd
The rarities of nature to delight me,
And more to feed my lust than Appetite ?
One bit of bread, though it were gray with age,
Hoary and crusted with a second bark,
Whose loathed outside would not court a Dog
Arm'd with the edge of appetite, would seem
A rare rich banquet to my emptie gorge ;
Oh I am worn to nothing with this want,
Such emptiness ha's hunger made of me
That you may draw me on another man.
Some bread, some bread,

*Enter Eunuch with Wine and Meat, he congees with great
reverence and ceremony to the Queen.*

Q^u. Oh thou art welcome,
Quick, dear *Eunuch* quick ; what needs this delay ?
Away with form and ceremonious duty,
Respect in this is too respectles.

Eⁿ. O give me leave, I will begin a healt ;
It's very good, exceeding pleasant Wine.

Q^u. Dost thou deride my sufferance ?

Eⁿ. No, no, not I.

Q^u. Give me the drink then, i'm all flame and fire.

Eⁿ. Say you so, say you so ? then you must pardon me,
I love your safety, and it's dangerous
To drink while you are hot, pray cool and tarry :
In the mean while I will begin to you ;
How tart and pleasing this is to the *Palate*,
A sweeter Pheasant Christendom affords not.

L^{ord}. I thank thee *Eunuch*, prethee give it me.

Eⁿ. You'l let me tast it for you, will you not ?
Are you so sharply set ? sic, this sauce is naught.

L^{ord}. Prethee make hast, hunger digest's no tasters.

Eⁿ.

The Fatall Contract,

Eu. Come sir, I must feed you, oh, oh, not so fast,
Be not so hasty; here, still you are too hasty; (*he puts it to his*
Gentle sir it will digest the better. *mouth, & pulls it away again.*

Land. More, more, oh it is excellent.

Eu. Madam, here's for you now.

Qu. May heaven reward thee for't, oh it's rare.

Eu. How do you like your banquet great Landrey?

Land. Beyond compare.

Eu. And you your drink?

Qu. The Gods tast not the like.

Eu. Ha, ha, ha, y'have both eat and drunk abominable
poyson.

Qu. Ha!

Land. How!

Eu. 'Tis true, I tell your Oracle;

There's not an hours life between ye both;

The poyson's sure, I did prepare it for ye,

And have my self taken an Antidote:

What say'now to th'other bout with Landrey,

I can procure a second meeting for you,

Indeed I can; think you not whoredome sweet

Now you are a dying? is not you soul at ease,

The murder of your Husband but a toy,

A flea-biting? alack you feel it not.

Qu. Inhumane slave, treacherous Rascal.

Eu. Good words, Lady whore, good words: what are you
loose? (*Landrey gets loose.*

Miraculous famine, ha's your empty guts

Perswaded you to valour? will it scratch or bite?

I'm sure't has no weapon, Monsiure disarm it. (*shows a keen*

I an, He did so Rascal, yet your curious search *knife which he*

Ne'r pri'd into this sheath; do you see this: *pulls out of his*

With mine own hands it had let forth mine *sleeve, staggers*

own life, *with saintness.*

Had the proud Monsiure trusted us to any,

Thy self excepted, whom I now perceive

The onely Author of our misery.

You'r very nimble Hell-hound.

Eu. O Lord sir, you know the cause,

(*The Eunuch trips
up his heels in scuffle
and sits on him.*

I'm

A Tragedie.

I'm lighter by a stone or two than you,
Yet I am weight enough to keep you down ;
Stir and thou dy'st ——— now fir, what say you to me ?
How did you like your old Queen ? was she game some ?
Did she apply her self like an apt whore
Unto your loote imbraces ?

Land. Dog, let me rest.

En. Good my Lord pardon me,
Under your Graces favour be it spoken,
You are our cushion, and i'l sit on you.
I am not very heavie, am I fir ? *(joults upon him.*
I do not altogether weigh a man.

Qu. Villanous Traytor,
O let him rise, and wreck thy spite on me.

En. You cog now, you'd rather I should kill.

Qu. O spare him, spare him; *Emmab* save my servant,
And i'l forgive thee all thy sinnes against me ;
There's not an injurie thou dost to him,
But wounds me to the soul.

En. Pray then look here,
How easily this Skean is sheath'd in him ;
An Engine of his own preparing Ladie,
And pittie't were so brave a Gentleman,
Such a neat hopeful whore-master as he,
Should die by any weapon but his own.
So perish all that love Adulterie.
There, sit you there again : once more to you, *(he sets him in
his Chair.*
Who if your poyson do not work too fast,
Shall see more fights like these before you die ;
But lest you should prevent us with your tongue,
I will be bold to gag your Ladyship ;
I'll leave a peeping hole through which you shall
See fights, shall kill thee faster than thy poyson ; *(draws the
Curtain again.*
I am prepar'd now for *Abelia's* death.
All things are ready, and behold the King.
Now for my part. *(Ent. Clotair melancholly.*

Clot. I am too pittifull, a watrie flux,
Which soft and tender hearted men call tears,

The Fatall Contract,

Stand on mine eies, and do's expresse a nature
Too like my Bearer; it is now with me
Full tide in sorrow, my *Cymbia* governs strongly.

Eu. How fares the great *Clotair*?

Clot. What do the wife,

Castrato, call the moisture which presumes
To meditate betwixt my wrath and me?

Eu. Expressions of a weak and silly nature,
Passion of fools and women: are you a man
And bear so tame a soul, such a smock spirit?
The Distaff owns more spleen, more noble anger;
Pray let her live untill the Pages write,
An hopping balladry verse rime upon you,
Great *Clotair* had a wife and she was fair,
Yea fairer than the flowerie meads in May; (scuffingly.
Oh she was fair, yet foul; most ridling sence;
Oh it is horrid; then to conclude
In what a high streign you did take revenge,
How like your house and honour, hark, how she dies,
Strangled in tears fall'n from the Cuckolds eies;
You are her husband sir, and now must own
Her doubtfull issue, and her lawlesse lust;
Although a Bull should leap her, you must father,
And have a drove of forked Animals,
Shall have their horns born with them to the sound,
'Twill save their prodigall wives the reacky labour.

Clot. Marry a Whore? father a bastard issue?

Eu. I tell you truth, there's no avoiding it.

Clot. Come bring her forth. (*Ent. Aphelia drag'd by two*

Abpe. Use not such violence good Gentlemen, *Ruffins in her*
I'll walk a lamb to slaughter, not repine *petticoat & hair.*
At any torments you shall put me too,
Onely be modest: commend me to my Lord,
I doubt I never shall behold him more;
For by the calculation of your looks
I have not long to live.

Clot. True *Aphelia*, confesse & turn thy fate; give me to know
With what foul Monster thou hast wrong'd thy soul,

Seam-

A Tragedie.

Seam-rent that holy weed, Virginitie;
And ease me of a load that bears more weight
Than what my youthful sins have heap'd upon me.

Apbe. If e'r my Lord---

Clot. No more of that, it tends to madness;
I'll force it from thee; bring forth the tortures there;
I'll trie if in these fiery instruments *(Ent. man with pain and iron.*
There lie a tongue, which better can perswade
Confession from thee; these red hot applied
Unto thy breast adulterate, shall extract
All future hope to suckle lawless issue;
The poysonous springs which from these hills arise,
Shall have their fountain head dam'd up by these.

Apbe. I've heard you swear, that you were poor in words,
And knew not to express the happiness
Which you conceiv'd was habitable here.
How much my Lord is altered from himself!

Clot. 'Tis thou art altered; true *Appelia*,
That whilst thy purer thoughts did awe thy will,
I lov'd like an Idolater: I was posselt
That these two twins, these Globes of flesh, contain'd
All that was happy both in earth and heaven;
In this I could descrie the Milkey way,
The maiden Zone that girds the waste of heaven;
In this the seat of Paradice, and how
The wanton Rivelets plai'd about the Isle
Which puzzel yet Geographie: all this I could,
I could in thee my sometime chaste *Appelia*
Find and rejoyce in; but thou art now
An undrest wilderness wherein I walk,
Losing my self 'mongst multitude of beasts;
O savage actions! Come dispatch.

Apbe. Sir--?

Clot. I hear no more.

Apbe. Heaven will then;
And though it bear an ear far distant hence,
Both hear and pittie me. O my lov'd Lord,
Should but a dream work on my fancy,

The Fatall Contract,

That you were thus to suffer as I am,
It would conspire to kill me with more speed
Than these your threatning Ministers ; alas,
I'll force a gentler nature in the steel,
And with my rainy eies weep out their heat ;
Which as it dies should hiss it self to scorn,
For offering to contain but fire to hurt you ;
And will you then a bold spectator stand,
Smiling at what I suffer ? shed but one tear,
Or counterfeit a sorrow for my sake,
A little seeming woe, and I shall die
Sick of your kindnesse, not your crueltie.

Clot. O my soft temper, her sweet harmonie
Will melt me into fool ; to hear these words ;
The Mother is to busie in mine eies ;
What shall I do ?

Eu. Make a new Hell,
And if thou canst, create more Devils, do,
And they will find imployment all on her ;
For since the generall Creation,
Time never did produce a fowler sinner,
Or one more begger'd hell in punishing.

Clot. Thou hast awak'd me ; Whore will you confesse ?
Do not inforce your death through wilfulness ; (*drag her by*
Speak stubborn silence, or i'll break thy heart. *the hair.*

Apbe. My Lord and Husband, oh my Lord and husband,
Regard my miserie and pittie me.

Clot. Thou'rt cruel to thy self, I wrong thee not ;
It is not I that tear this precious Fleece, (*again.*
This glorious excrement, in validitie,
Another *Cholcos* better seeming *Jason*.

I pull not off these curious sporting Tresses, (*again.*
Fit braids to Captive Kings hadst thou been honest.
I wound thee not, confesse, and live as free
As mountain air, I will not injure thee.

Apbe. My gracious Prince, I dare not call you husband,
Your actions do forbid, which write me slave
And not yourequall, if to be your wife

A Tragedie.

Has pluckt this misery upon my head,
Or caus'd in you this phrensie, put me off,
I will indure it patiently; but if e'r —

Clot. The old tune this, come, come, the Irons there.

Aph. Oh, oh, oh, cruel my Lord, unmanly; (*they bind her to*
I will not curse yet heaven, no nor blaspheme, *the Chair, the*
Although mine injuries would half perswade, *Eu. much fears*
Gods are not, or are deaf to innocents. *ber breast.*

Sould. Arm, arm, my Lord, the Castle's wall'd about (*Enter*
With living Clay, three times ten thousand men, *a Souldier*
Approved Warriors, souls of blood and fire, *hastily with his*
That onely know to do, and not to suffer, *sword drawn.*
Make head against you; believe me fir,
A braver Troop, and spirits more resolv'd,
Life never put in action: young *Brissac*
Now old enough to quit his Fathers death,
Together with the ruine of his Sister,
H'as vow'd destruction to your name and athes,

Clot. Let them come on, we'll dare them do their worst;
This Castle will indure a fortnights siege,
Before the expiration of which time,
My Brother with his fellow Peers of *France*,
Shall whip these Rebels for their insolence.
Know'it thou ought else; why dost thou shake thy head?

2 Sould. Fly, fly, my Lord. (*Enter another Souldier.*

Clot. Villain, it is no language for a Prince. (*strikes him.*

2 Sould. Then stand upon your guard; yet that's as bad,
The Castle's wall'd about with walking steel,
And you but tempt your death in your escape,
If you stay here, provoke it.

The Monieur, like the God of war, bestrides
A bounding Courser, who is therefore proud
To be so back'd, as knowing whom he bears:
So Centaur-like he's anchor'd to his seat,
As he had twind with the proud steed he rides on;
He grows unto his saddle all one piece,
And that unto his Horse; who thus unmov'd,
Sits like a *Perseus* on his *Pegasus*,

The Fatale Contract

Stable and fleet. Who at head of all his Troops,
With words inflames 'em that did burn before,
But now appear much brighter ; their glistering arms
Reflecting 'gainst the Sun, doth lightning mock ;
Unto which blaze, their Drums and Horses hoofs
Do not want much of Thunder : such is the show,
As if great *Mars*, angry with humane race,
Did lead the Gods to battel 'gainst the Earth.

Ex. How does your Grace ? how fares your Majestie ?

Clot. The Monſieur ? did he not name the Monſieur ?

2 Sould. I did my Lord.

Clot. Is he joyned with them too ?

Then Dooms-day is at hand, I see my ruine.

Go to the Castle walls to summon them

To render an accompt of their intents.

Ask the proud Monſieur (though I know the cause) *Looks on*

Why his presumptuous and ambitious feet, *Appelias.*

Have on the bosome of his mother earth,

Made a broad road of treason : go, begone. (*Exe. Souldiers.*)

Castrato thou dost love me, i'm sure thou dost ;

I have such proofs of thy true hearted-love,

That I must put my life into thy hands.

Thou see'st how all things stand, my wife she's false,

Her brother seeks my life, the Monſieur's thoughts

(Back'd with the ever factious souls of *France*)

Aim at the Gallick Crown and dignitie,

Whil'st I a catiff and neglected Prince

Must fall by traytors hands.

Ex. What mean you sir ?

Clot. Look, here's a Pistol in whose womb lies death,

A heave leaden sleep.

Ex. Would you I should

Trie the conclusion here ? make her confesse

By other instruments her horrid guilt,

In this there's too much mercy.

Clot. Hear me speak,

I'll trouble her no further ; let her sin

Be punish'd from above, i'll wait heavens leisure,

Here

A Tragedie.

Here *Eunuch* take thou this, it was prepar'd
For the adulterate *Landrey*; here, receive it,
And if thou lov'st me use it upon me:
Come shoot me through, I know I shall be slain,
(If not by thee, yet by the enemy)
And therefore to prevent the bitter scorn
Of the insulting foe (which is a death
So full of horror to the conquer'd,
No Tyranny is like it) use this handfull,
The handsom'st weed that nature can produce
In the large Storehouse of her providence,
Can shew no simple like it; for this cures
At once, the sicknesse of the mind and body.
Thou shalt, I know thou wilt, I prethee take it;
It is not murder, tender-hearted fool
Which thou commits, rather a sacrifice,
For which heaven will reward thee.

Eu. I do not know the nature of your Gods,
Yet on your words i'l trie their kindnesse.

Clot. Nobly resolv'd, come shoot me quickly then.

Eu. I never was liker t'express my selfe
Than at this minute; do not betray me tears, (aside.
The *Eunuchs* nature must be harsh and cruell.

Aphe. O spare him *Eunuch*, spare him, save my Lord,
And i'l forgive thee all thy sins 'gainst me.

Eu. Peace foolish woman, 'tis thou that kill'st thy Lord,
Were't not for thee he might live long and happy;
Pray let me kisse your hand, and take my leave
Of my best best Master.

Clot. Do't and be sudden then: ah what means this? (as he

Eu. Marry sir this it means, *kisses his hand, he snatches*
That if this fail, this shall perform the deed; *out his sword.*
Think not but I will kill you, do not fear,
I am the excellent'st he alive at these same toyes,
Look here my cousin'd fool I do not bungle. (*shews Landrey*

Clot. Are these dead then? *and the Queen.*

Eu. As sure as you live, pray ask them else;
Unlesse this Ewes flesh too intense in heat

The Fatall Contract,

Be lingering yet behind; she's scarcely dead,
But in her dying ears i'l howl this noise;
Look Queen, here's the top-branch of all thy Family,
Mark but how kindly for thy sake i'l use him.

Clot. Then I perceive I have been much abus'd,
So ha's my chaster Queen; oh my curst fate!

En. Oh, do you so, do you so.

Qu. Oh, oh, oh.

(*Queen dyes.*)

Es. There broke a Strumpets heart; hear me King,
Thy Mother was a foul adulteress,
A cruel butcherer of innocents;
Witnesse thy brother, that thy Mother's false,
Witnesse thine own eyes that beheld the fall
And ruine of the *Dumain* family.

Thy Mother's deep in blood, for which she's damn'd:

You raviisht fair *Chrotilda*; *Clodimir*

Your valiant Uncle, brother to this Queen,
Was for the foul fact slain; for which mistake,

Dumain, Lamot, Maria, Isabel,

And the abus'd *Chrotilda*, if by flight

She had not sav'd her life, had fall'n with them.

I knowing this, and ever pittyng

The wrongs that they indur'd,

Have found it time thus to revenge them.

Clot. What were their wrongs to thee?

En. I'l not Capitulate mine injuries,

I hear my time is short.

(*beat a March
sensibly within.*)

Clot. How fain would I preserve my life from death,
Since my *Aphelia's* chaste; to think her false,
(Not that I fear the foe) made me despair
Of future comfort. *Eumeb*, spare my life,
I will forgive thee, and reward thee too;
Remember who it is that sues to thee.

En. In that remembrance I have lost my self,
I cannot strike him; my relenting heart
Yerns on his Princely person: take your sword,
But on condition *Clotair*, thou shalt swear
By thy descent, thy princely parentage,

A Tragedie.

By the wrong'd souls of all those innocents
To thy lust satisf'd, by *Apbelia's* self,
Or any thing thy soul shall hold more dear,
Upon receipt, to guide the fatal point
Directly to thy heart.

Clot. Why would'st thou so?

Eu. Pish, I'll teach thee to be speedy in the fact;
Remember how thy Royall Father fell;
Behold thy Mother murther'd by this hand;
Into thy bosome cast thine inward eyes,
And view the sorrows I have heaped on thee:
Look on *Apbelia*, and let her wrongs
Prompt thy slow hand to this most timely slaughter;
I cannot brook delay, or do, or suffer.

Clot. A Heathen, and a Traytor die with thee.

Eu. A Christian Heathen *Clotair* if thou wilt,
Made so by thee; read that and break thy heart.

(Enter the Monsieur and his Comps.)

Mo. Force open the door, seize on his Royal person: now *Clotair*
Thou art the Monsieur's pris'ner; Tyrant say,
Where is *Apbelia* your Adulteress!

(Stands
amaz'd)

Clot. It makes no matter where.

Bris. O my dear Sister, O my dearest life.

Dum. See Noble Lords,

Here lies that Hell-hound *Eumuch*; villain up,
And tell us who has done these fatal deeds.

Eu. They're ne'r ali'd to thee that did these Acts,
Chrotilda and a woman.

Dum. Villain thou li'st, my sister's gone a weary pilgrimage,
And for this many years with grief I speak it,
Been travel'd none knows where.

Clot. What am I?

What strange and uncouth thing?

Eu. A ravisher,
And better to instruct thee in thy self;
Had not *Chrotilda* been, incestuous.

Omnes. Hold, hold your Royal hand; what will you do?

Clot. What else but follow her; shall *Clotair* live

The Fatal Contract,

A Captive to his Brother, slav'd to sin,
Inthral'd in wedlock that's incestuous,
O ravisher and murderer of his friend,
There's no way left to rid me but my sword,
Of all these ills at once. Oh wrong'd *Cbrotilde*.

Dum. My sister?

Clot. I *Dumain*, no *Eunuch* she;
No sun-burnt vagabond of *Aethiops*,
Though entertain'd for such by *Fredigond*.
I say here lies thy ravish'd sister slain
By me the ravisher.

Dum. Hold, hold, my heart.

Em. Lend me thy hand *Clotair*, have I thy hand?

Clot. Thou most abus'd of women kind, thou hast.

Em. I should have kill'd thee King, and had put on
A masculine spirit to perform the deed;
Alas how frail our resolutions are!

A woman's weakness conquer'd my revenge:
I'd spirit enough to quit my Father's wrongs;
And they which should have seen me act that part,
Would not believe I should so soon prove haggard:
But there is something dwells upon thy brow
Which did persuade me to humanity;
Thou injur'dst me, and yet I spar'd thy life;
Thou injur'dst me, yet I would fall by thee;
And like to my soft sex, I fall and perish.

Clot. Speak, for ever speak: *Cbrotilde*, *Cbrotilde*.

Dum. My Sister's in mine eyes, this brave revenge
Should have been mine, and not thy act *Cbrotilde*;
Away salt rhume, *Cbrotilde* laughs at thee,
Her spirit is more manly.

Aphe. I must weep too,
Mine injuries and hers are so near kin,
That they must bear each other company
In tears of blood and death;
For my griev'd heart too long with earth,
Would gladly seek a way to find out rest.

Clot. Art thou joyn'd with her too against thy self?

A Tragedie.

Will my *Apbellia* leave me ? pardon sweet,
My love is fatall, and too well thou know'st
The deadly proof in fair *Cbroilda* death ;
Yet leave me not though I refrain thy bed,
And must abandon all those thoughts of love
Which married couples use ; yet we may sit
And gaze upon each other, tell sad tales
Of ruin'd Princes, wrong'd Virginitie ;
And when our utterance is tyr'd by speech,
Wee'll sit and sigh a sad parenthesis,
And then proceed again, then sigh again
A silent *Cberris* to our History ;
Our tears shall keep our sorrows ever green,
Still springing, never ripe : shall we do thus
To lengthen out our grief ?

Apbe. For ever King,
The hand of heaven lies on me ; for I feel
My inward and externall injuries
Wrestle with life, in which condition
My soul is woried by that Tyrant death.
I must forsake thee *Cloisair*

Clois. Stay awhile, it is unkindly done to leave me thus :
O she is gone, for ever, ever gone ;
And I stand prating here between them both,
The fatall cause of death unto them both.
Wilt thou not break proud heart, I prethee break,
Prove not a Rebelle to thy Prince like these ;
It's well there is some loyaltie in thee yet ;
Thou art commanded by me--

(*the King faints.*)

Bris. Gracious my Liege.

Clois. *Charles* I have injur'd thee, and thee *Dumain* ;
Can ye forgive me ?

Bris. Good your Grace
Call back your spirits, think what's to be done.

Clois. I consider well, and the now King,
The quondam Mounseur shall not denie me this ;
Half of the honours of the dead *Landrey*
We do confer on thee, the other half

The Fatall Contract, a Tragedie.

Be thine *Dumain*; *Charles* shall be Duke of *France*,
Thou of the Palace Major: this is our will.

Dum. Great King, you are not yet so near your end,
For send it heaven.

Brif. Look up my Gracious Lord.

Monsi. My Royall Brother?

Clot. I begin to faint,

A darknesse like to death hangs on mine eyes;

Lend me thine hand *Brissac*, and thine *Dumain*,

Good gentle souls when ye shal mention me,

And elder time shall rip these stories up,

Dissected and Anatomiz'd by you;

Touch sparingly this story, do not read

Too harsh a comment on this loathed deed,

Lest you inforce posterity to blast

My name and Memory with endlesse curses;

Call me an honourable murtherer,

And finish there as I do.

(*Hedyer.*

Dum. O Noble Lord,

Whose fame was very essence to his soul;

That gone, the other fled, choosing to die,

Rather then live a King in infamy.

Monsi. A heauey spectacle of grief and woe

Have we beheld since our arivall here;

Take up the body of the King, and these

That for his love on either hand lie slain,

They shall lie buried in one Monument:

And take up these; this was a Royall Queen

When virtue steer'd her thoughts; but we may see,

When we turn foes to good, to vice a friend,

We fall like these, and like these thus we end.

A dead March within.

FINIS.